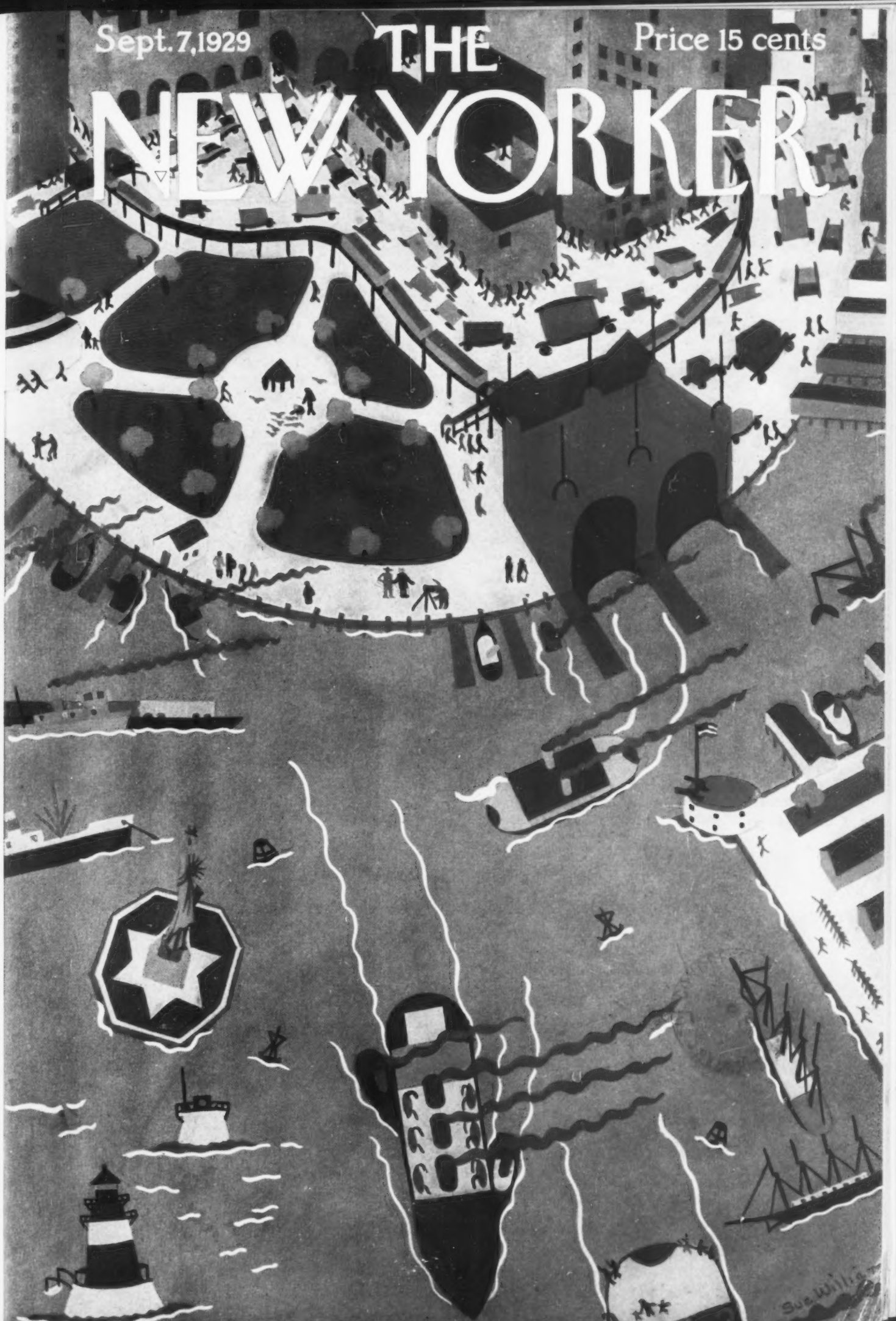
Sept. 7, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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As the camera clicked, Mr. Fletcher H. Montgomery, Knox Hat Company President, was signing, via Parker Duofold, the lease of the new Knox Store, to be opened in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco.

Fondness for this classic pen is no more than would be expected of one whose task and training is to maintain the unbroken reputation of Knox Hats for style and quality leadership dating from 1838.

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The Velvet Frock for Autumn Afternoons

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Soft, lustrous, fitted of silhouette, with a new length of line, there's a chic about these dresses that is immensely flattering. The models in our new collection are indicative of the charm of this vogue for femininity.

$49.50 to $195

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Isabey
Isabey Aids to Loveliness
Incomparably smart, the new Isabey Vanité Moderne, for loose powder. Distinguished its silver-toned martelé finish . . . . with modern motif of crimson or jade. Sheer delight its soft puff. Of skin-soothing fineness the Isabey powder-contents. A tray of Isabey rouge may also be added. Important, too—no adjustments to get out of order. . . .
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The Double Compact, similar to the Vanité Moderne in finish, is filled with compact powder and rouge. Perfumed with Isabey Gardenia. Powders obtainable in ocre, mauresque, rachel and naturelle. Rouge in bright and medium shades. The swagger Isabey Lipstick matches the Vanity. In three shades: pour les brunes, pour les blondes, indelible naturelle. . .
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Rouge Refills .50
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V. No. 29, September 7, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp

TRICONESE* UNDERWEAR TRIUMPHS IN STYLE AND ECONOMY IN THE SOLO*

Well, it's just about the cleverest undie ever designed.... this "solo" that is a vest, a brassiere and a pantie all in one. It means only one set of shoulder straps.... no bunchiness anywhere, just graceful curving lines.... a perfect foundation for the mode of simplicity. And, there's no fabric quite so unique as "Triconese".... a combination of Italian* Silk and Kayser rayon. It is very lovely.... very inexpensive.... very, very durable.

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You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

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Worrying about THIS SUBJECT *will never make money for you*

If you are one of the New Yorkers who have accumulated sizable estates, it is a fair guess that you spend considerable time worrying and planning for the conservation and ultimate distribution of this property.

You are not certain that you need an insurance trust, a living trust, or any trust service at all to help you conserve and distribute this money. You are probably perplexed by inheritance tax laws and a thousand other details concerning trust arrangements.

Perhaps no one has ever offered you a trust plan designed to fit *your particular situation.*

You would be interested in a plan which would save you money on taxes or which would make the handling of your financial affairs easy and automatic and eliminate any doubt of the future for yourself and family.

That is why we have prepared a twenty-eight-page book entitled, "*A Service of Estate Analysis,*" which discusses various types of trust arrangements and their functions. It is for your perusal in your home or office. Write for a copy today. Read it. Then, if you wish, The Equitable will present its facilities for your further consideration.

Read the column at the right.

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Here are some of the things covered by this book:

1. An outline of the preliminary survey which we make of estate problems brought to us for our study and suggestions. *This survey contains:*

.... some valuable suggestions for the man who feels that his estate is inadequate for his family's needs.

.... estate analysis—which helps you determine from your own circumstances the type or types of trusts which should be created to adequately cover your individual requirements.

.... suggestions concerning estate management and conservation, showing how you can be relieved of this constant responsibility and worry.

.... the story of one estate and how its problems were solved.

.... our method of reporting the results of our preliminary survey to an estate owner.

2. How we make recommendations based upon the findings developed by our survey.
3. A tabulation of the information available at our offices concerning all phases of estate creation, conservation and management, to help the busy man study these phases in the light of his own estate before consulting his lawyer and trust company.
4. Some facts that will aid you in the selection of a business manager for your estate.
5. Some important factors in the investment policies of your trustee which should be considered.
6. Some general qualifications to look for in your trustee.

THE TEA THINGS LEARN TO BE CLEAN

THAT sinking feeling when you see your guests looking askance at the tarnish on the tea set—both the feeling and tarnish are gone forever when you invest in Aranium, one of the rare metals. For this lovely Aranium plate will not tarnish, is hard to scratch, and is of unusual beauty. Neither harassed housewife nor busy maid need ever make apologies for its appearance. These four piece tea sets, with ivory catalin handles, are a joy at $46.75.

MACY'S

34TH STREET AND BROADWAY · NEW YORK

CURTISS ROBIN sets

One of the 47 refueling contacts made during the dramatic flight. The stability of the two Challenger-Robins proved a tremendous factor in the success of this dangerous operation. Unusual photo made high in air in early part of flight.

Back to earth on the eighteenth day when pilots are urged to land. Picture shows a part of cheering crowds on Lambert-St. Louis field as the Robin lands with new record of 420 hours, 21 minutes . . . more than seventeen days.

The Challenger engine receiving its final "grooming" before starting its history-making flight. Expert Curtiss mechanics are ready at every one of the 40 Curtiss fields to give you this same careful service and attention.

sensational endurance mark

. . 420 *Hours Aloft*

Plane and Engine functioning perfectly

when Pilots are urged to Land on Eighteenth Day

420 hours in the air! Long enough to travel completely around the world!

173 hours longer than any aircraft has ever remained aloft . . . and still functioning perfectly when pilots reluctantly landed on the eighteenth day!

What greater test of performance . . . of the mechanical perfection of its products . . . could Curtiss offer to the world of aviation?

Jackson and O'Brine needed a ship with unusual powers of endurance. It had to have inherent stability . . . handle easily with a minimum of attention.

Above all . . . they needed comfort in the air! To ease the terrific grind of almost endless flight!

In the sturdy Challenger-Robin . . . in the surprising quiet of its comfortable three-place cabin . . . in its ability to fly "hands off" . . . they found the ship they needed.

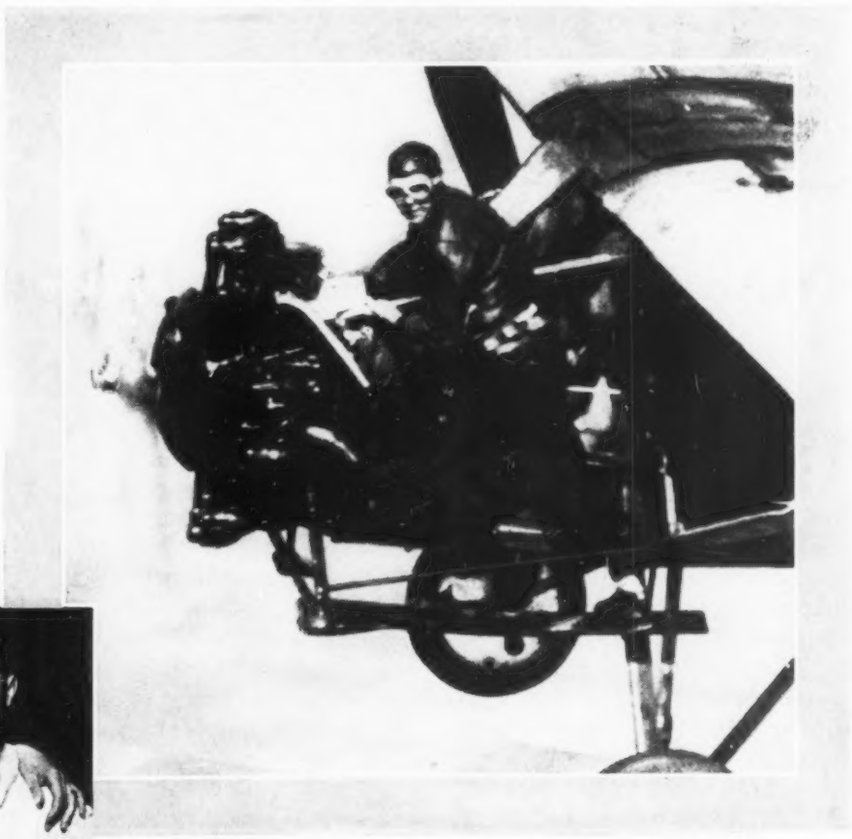
And these same qualities have made the Robin first choice of an increasing group of Curtiss enthusiasts. Have made it the most popular small cabin ship for commercial or pleasure flying.

If you consider joining . . . or have already joined . . . the rapidly growing list of men and women who have taken enthusiastically to aviation for business or pleasure trips . . . or for the sheer joy of flying . . .

Then fly yourself the plane and engine that holds the World's endurance mark . . . a standard Curtiss Challenger-Robin.

And remember, the country-wide Curtiss organization has blanketed the airways from coast to coast with 40 service stations and 85 dealers . . . strategically located to give Curtiss customers complete service.

Write and we will tell you the nearest point at which you can see and fly a Curtiss Challenger-Robin. Curtiss Flying Service, Dept. 20, 27 West 57th St., N.Y.C.



Daily, Dale Jackson went out on this precarious "cat-walk" to inspect and tune up the Challenger engine . . . the pivotal member of the now famous quartet of Jackson, O'Brine, Robin and Challenger.

Curtiss products—too! The "human element" of the famous quartet! Dale Jackson and Forest O'Brine are each members of the nation-wide Curtiss organization of forty complete branches.

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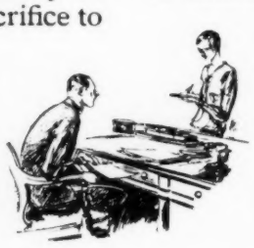
Make your office the proper background of your business and yourself

GONE are the days when office efficiency was reckoned in terms of discomfort. Gone the dear days when drab and dull interiors were positive indications of integrity, importance and respectability.

The modern office has taken on the air of a well-appointed library. Comfortable and good-looking chairs have replaced the rigid monstrosities of old. Desks have added beauty of line and wood at no sacrifice to their utilitarian virtues. Good taste has crossed the threshold of modern business and been welcomed with open arms.



After all there was neither rhyme nor reason for the old regime of ugliness and discomfort. Not even the plea of economy could be filed in its favor. For contrary to the general opinion these newer kind of offices imply no furious depletion of your financial reserves.

Not by any means! You can, of course, spend thousands of dollars, but you can also work modern miracles with a modest sum. Flint & Horner have made a special study of modern office interiors. We have given over

an entire floor of our great shop to a series of model offices and installed a staff of trained decorators.

Put your problem to them. They will study your individual needs and work with you to keep the solution within the limits of your budget. You may be surprised to find that a small office, 12 x 15, can well be done for as little as $300.

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designers who believe that simplicity is the essence of chic . . that quality qualifies all smartness . . that fine workmanship is as important in a shoe as in a dress—or hat—or hand-bag.

And so you have the new Jay-Thorpe Shoe Salon, an addition that makes it possible to be dressed from head to foot in the ultra-smart, restrained and sophisticated style that the smart American woman immediately identifies with Jay-Thorpe.

The new Shoe Salon becomes one with the Balcony Lounge, whose great black screen centered by a beaten metal disc—and indirect lighting rising from fluted silver columns—has made it one of the most talked of modern settings in Jay-Thorpe.

JAY-THORPE

57th AND 56th STREETS, WEST, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants, finely played by an English cast. (Morosco, 45, W. Moves to the Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Mon., Sept. 9.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—A gay, Czechoslovakian Cinderella play. Henry Travers is particularly good. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

GAMBLING—Murder mystery by George M. Cohan, with George M. Cohan and, thanks to George M. Cohan, much better entertainment than it deserves to be. (Fulton, 46, W.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Sparkling and effective comedy of small-town life. Good unclean fun. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore plays a disturbing divorcée in a facile and entertaining comedy by Rachel Crothers. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and extremely important play. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in a very Earl Carroll show. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good music and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Professional pugilism set to music. Swift, funny, and attractive. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Uneven all-colored revue, harboring a few very funny sketches. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—Smart, witty, and refreshingly unpretentious revue, in which Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen figure prominently. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—Décor that is unexampled for taste and visual imagination, and with Jimmie Savo and Trixie Friganza for comedy relief. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—A musical show threatening to go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—Routine Shubert revue, with good low comedy by Ted Healy and his gang. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—Not quite up to the Ziegfeld standard but well worth seeing. Dorothy Stone and Jimmie Durante are in it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production, Eddie Cantor supplying the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," a delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," the famous leg show of the sixties, will be revived, for two weeks only, at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St., starting Mon., Sept. 9. (Hoboken 5732). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Nick Lucas, Ken Murray, and Toto, will be at the Palace, Fri., Sept. 6. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

SCARLET PAGES—A play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer, with Elsie Ferguson. Opens Mon., Sept. 9. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

THE COMMODORE MARRIES—Arthur Hopkins' production of Kate Parsons' play, with Walter Huston. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET ADELINE—A musical comedy by Oscar Hammerstein, II, and Jerome Kern, with Helen Morgan. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dinner dancing in the Italian Garden, Park Avenue and pleasant.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and after-theatre dancing to Leo Reisman's orchestra in handsome Joseph Urban settings.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set enjoying Emil Coleman's music during dinner and supper.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), dinner and dancing in a Persian Garden; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music and blue-and-gold décor; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs and near-roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, not up-in-the-air, but cool nevertheless.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting places of this type are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where the roof slides back on warm nights; and Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, with Jack Smith.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the most amusing places without a knowing guide, but you will find The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, worth visiting. Go about 2 A.M. for the late shows.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Way down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Square are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, outdoor dining and dancing; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., featuring Paul Whiteman and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan, very much in person; open all night. . . . For Coney Island sea-food dinners: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Lights and shadows.

(Continued on page 12)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

"Let's Have a Quilting Party Tonight"

IN OUR CUTE QUILTED ROBES FROM BEST'S!

Pajama parties after ten will soon be known as quilting parties, for young things off to boarding-school and college are choosing Best's new quilted robes, stitched like the quilts that Grandma used to make.

(Below) Miss Shanton is wearing a quilted robe in flowered chintz lined with calico. Rose with rose lining, yellow with red, or blue with yellow. ***10.95***

Miss Maurice lounges in a quilted satin robe lined with matching dotted mull. Blue or coral. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 38 and 40. ***9.75***

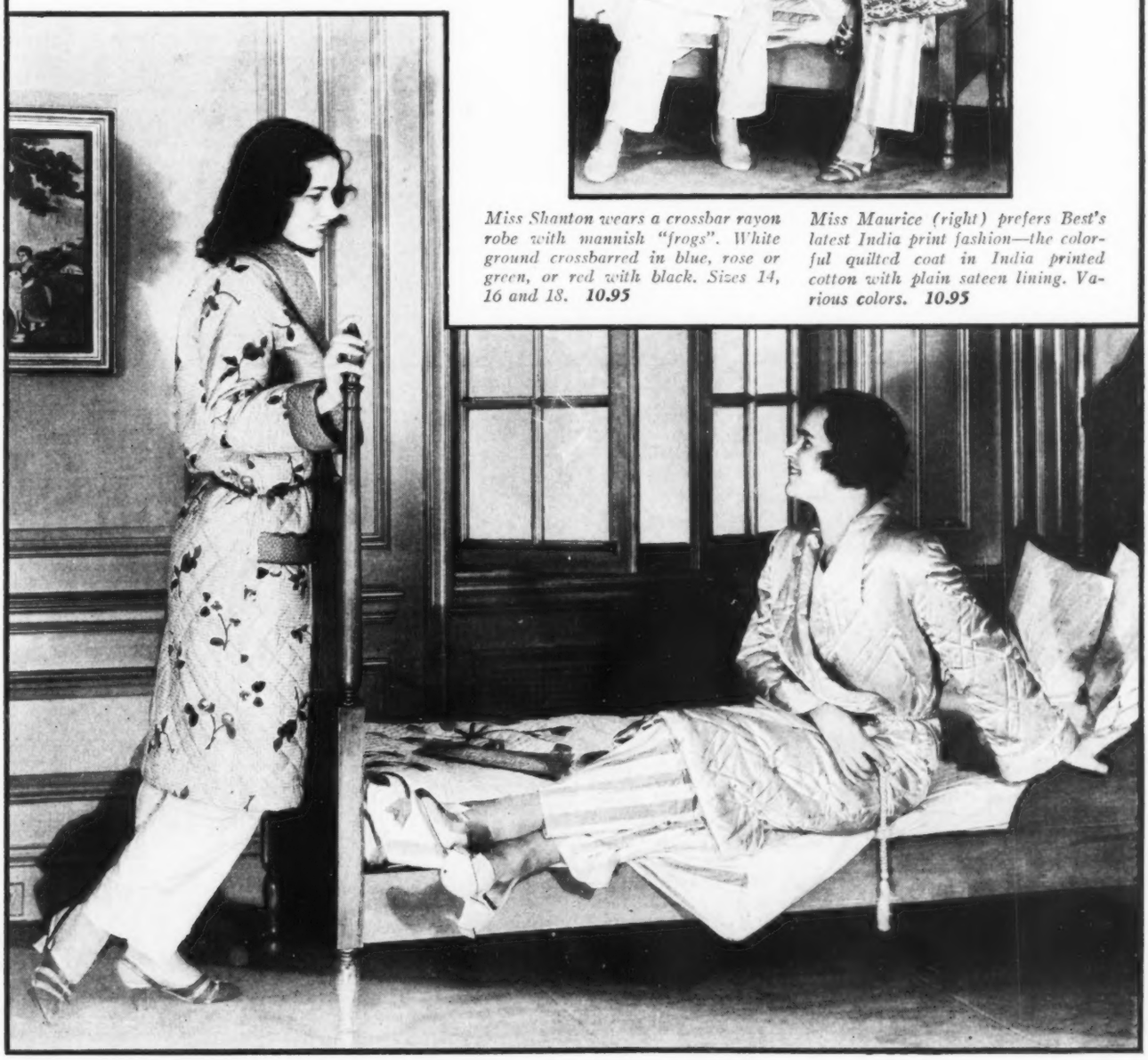
MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th St., N. Y.

Miss Shanton wears a crossbar rayon robe with mannish "frogs". White ground crossbarred in blue, rose or green, or red with black. Sizes 14, 16 and 18. ***10.95***

Miss Maurice (right) prefers Best's latest India print fashion—the colorful quilted coat in India printed cotton with plain sateen lining. Various colors. ***10.95***



(Continued from page 10)

camera-work at its best, lift this thriller above the average. Ronald Colman is the star. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

THE DANCE OF LIFE—The movie of "Burlesque," with Hal Skelly again playing the part of the unstable and talented hero. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—English heroics in Africa, with the wild beasts of the jungle providing the real interest. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:30 P.M.)

HALLELUJAH—Life in the cotton fields and thereabouts. An all-negro cast in a serious and beautifully done picture. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—The biggest musical show on the screen, with a motley assemblage of celebrities providing the entertainment. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Drawing-room comedy with Norma Shearer as the lady burglar. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 7-9; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU—From the Sax Rohmer thrillers. Lots of excitement, though slowed up by the dialogue. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 7-9; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Sept. 14.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Cock Eyed World," Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe in a rough-and-ready and amusing picture; "The Greene Murder Case," the Van Dine mystery of the old manor on the East River, excellently screened; "Hungarian Rhapsody," silent, intrigue along the banks of the Danube, charmingly done.

ART

DECORATION—Summer show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 4 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Some examples of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

ON THE AIR

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., Sept. 7 and 14, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Débutante:" Sun., Sept. 8, at 4 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas: Wed., Sept. 11, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Romberg's "Maytime," Act II: Fri., Sept. 13, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

JANE CARROLL—Soprano: Sun., Sept. 8, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., Sept. 8, at 11:45 P.M., over WEAF, and Mon., Sept. 9, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

POPULAR MUSIC—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Tues., Sept. 10, at 9 P.M., over WABC. . . . Vincent Lopez and his orchestra: Thurs., Sept. 12, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

GRACE HAYES—Soloist, with Ben Pollock's orchestra: Thurs., Sept. 12, at 8 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Sat., Sept. 7, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), and Sun., Mon., and Tues., Sept. 8, 9, and 10, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Wed. through Sat., Sept. 11-14, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.)

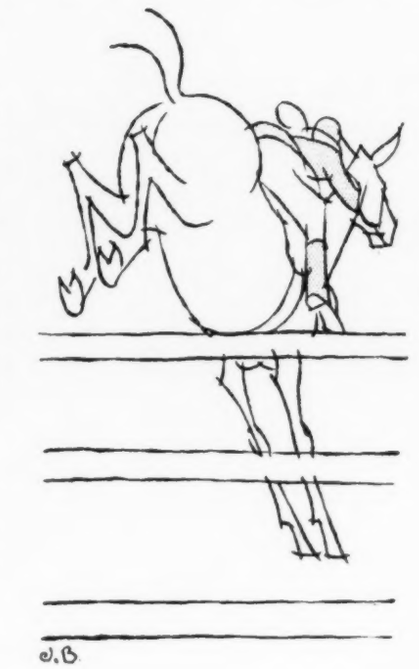
BOXING—Victorio Campolo vs. Phil Scott, heavyweights: Ebbets Field, Sullivan St. near Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Wed. Eve., Sept. 11; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take B.M.T.-Brighton Line train to Prospect Park.) . . . Tuffy Griffiths vs. Dr. Ludwig Haymann: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 12; preliminaries start at 8:15 P.M.

DOG SHOW—Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Sat., Sept. 14.

HORSE SHOW—Far Hills Horse Show, Far Hills, N. J., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 13 and 14.

POLO—Play at Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I.: Open Championship, Sat., Sept. 7, and Sat., Sept. 14; Waterbury Cup, Wed., Sept. 11; matches start at 4 P.M. (Special train leaves Penn. Sta. at 3 P.M.) . . . Play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. at 4 P.M. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

RACING—Belmont Park; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—Men's National Championships: West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 7, and Mon. through Sat. Afts., Sept. 9-14. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., 1:11, 1:33, and 2:07 P.M. Additional train Sat. only at 1:41 P.M.)

YACHTING—Seawanhaka Cup Races, Oyster Bay, start Sat., Sept. 7. . . . Championship races on Long Island Sound: Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Sat., Sept. 7; Manhasset Bay Y. C., Port Washington, Sat., Sept. 14.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

BOXING—Loughran vs. Sharkey, heavyweights, Yankee Stadium, Sept. 26.

DOG SHOWS—Ladies' Kennel Association of America, Rye, N. Y., Sept. 21. . . . Englewood Kennel Club, Englewood, N. J., Sept. 28. . . . Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, L. I., Oct. 5.

FOOTBALL—First games of season—Sept. 28: Columbia vs. Middlebury, Baker Field; N. Y. U. vs. Vermont, Ohio Field; Fordham vs. Westminster, New York. . . . Oct. 5: Columbia vs. Union, Baker Field; N. Y. U. vs. West Virginia Wesleyan, Ohio Field; Yale vs. Vermont, New Haven; Princeton vs. Amherst, Princeton; Fordham vs. St. Bonaventure, New York. . . . Oct. 12: Columbia vs. Wesleyan, Baker Field; N. Y. U. vs. Fordham, Polo Grounds; Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton.

GOLF—Westchester County Open, Gedney Farm G. C., White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 23-25. . . . Women's National Amateur Championship, Oakland Hills C. C., Birmingham, Michigan, Sept. 30-Oct. 5.

HORSE SHOWS—Mineola Horse Show, Sept. 18-20. . . . National Polo Pony Show, Westbury, L. I., Sept. 21. . . . Greenwich Horse Show, Sept. 21.

HUNT RACE MEETS—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, L. I., Sept. 28. . . . Westchester Biltmore Steeplechase Association, Rye, N. Y., Oct. 2 and 5.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Carnegie Hall, season opens Oct. 3. . . . Metropolitan Opera season opens Oct. 28.

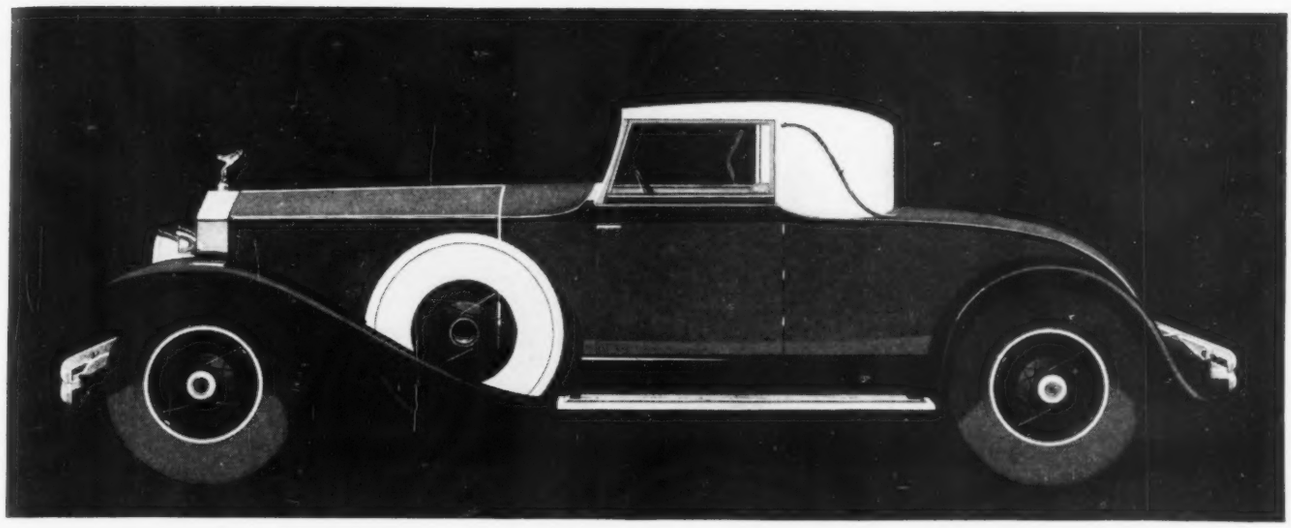
POLO—Waterbury Cup Matches, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I., Sept. 18 and 21.

RACING—Belmont Park, through Sept. 16. . . . Aqueduct, Sept. 17-Oct. 1. . . . Jamaica, Oct. 2-16. . . . Empire City, Yonkers, Oct. 17-Nov. 1.

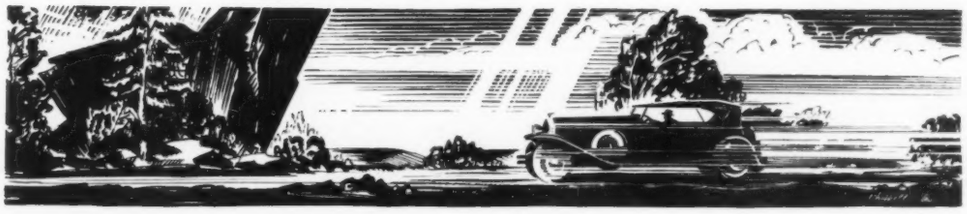
THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"George White's Scandals:" Apollo, Sept. 16. . . . Tchekov's "The Sea Gull," with Eva Le Gallienne and Jacob Ben-Ami: Civic Repertory, Sept. 16. . . . "Porgy," revival: Martin Beck, Sept. 16. . . . "Rope," a play by Patrick Hamilton, with an English cast: Masque, Sept. 16. . . . "A Strong Man's House," by Lee Wilson Dodd, with Mary Nash: Sept. 16. . . . "Many Waters," by Monckton Hoffe, with Ernest Truex: Maxine Elliott, Sept. 23. . . . "Sweet Land of Liberty," a new play by Philip Dunning: Liberty, Sept. 23. . . . "The Star of Bengal," a melodrama of the sea, with Joan Lowell: Lyric, Hoboken, Sept. 25. . . . "Candle Light," with Gertrude Lawrence and Leslie Howard: Empire, Sept. 30. . . . "A Hundred Years Old," with Otis Skinner: Lyceum, Oct. 1. . . . "Great Day!" Vincent Youmans' musical comedy: Cosmopolitan, Oct. 1. . . . "Jenny," by Edward Sheldon and Margaret Ayer Barnes, with Jane Cowl: Booth, Oct. 7.

YACHTING—Last weekend regattas on Long Island Sound: City Island Y. C., Sept. 21; Manhasset Bay Y. C., Sept. 28.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly income-tax payments are due Sept. 15. . . . American Dahlia Society Show, Madison Sq. Garden, Sept. 17-19. . . . Radio Show, Madison Sq. Garden, Sept. 23-28. . . . Daylight Saving ends 2 A.M., Sun., Sept. 29. . . . Electrical Show, Grand Central Palace, Oct. 7-12.



What do you mean by *speed?*



You want a car that looks swift and *is* swift —a car whose smart appearance is matched by smart performance.

One glance at the Rolls-Royce Regent above and you'll grant its smartness—youthful, buoyant, devil-may-care smartness. "But," you ask, "how about speed? Can Rolls-Royce offer me that?"

Most emphatically, it can—and *does!* There is not a car made that can measure miles with Rolls-Royce on a cross-country run. And if the run includes every kind of road condition, you only add to Rolls-Royce's advantage. For Rolls-Royce is so vibrationless, so floating-smooth, that it can take rough roads at speeds you would never think of attempting in any other car.

The reason is simple. The building of a powerful motor was only one step toward the perfection of this car. The makers of Rolls-Royce went on and designed a chassis and body that balance this motor exactly. Although the car has power to conquer the steepest hills, it is almost completely free from vibration. Although it has more speed than the average driver would ever use, it is quieter than any other car in the world. Rolls-Royce, like a blue-ribbon hunter, has every riding quality you could ask!

Prove that—at the wheel of a Rolls-Royce! You open the throttle—the scenery takes wings. But where are the rack and rattle that are speed's running-mates in most other cars? *Absent!* You can scarcely hear the motor that is hurrying you on. If you didn't know the speedometer is as accurate as the finest watch, you wouldn't believe you were going so fast. Rolls-Royce is *so* quiet!

A hill rises ahead—the car zooms up and over without breaking its stride. You turn off on a rough road—Rolls-Royce's springs smooth out the bumps while the motor holds its pace. And should you want to stop, you *can!* Rolls-Royce brakes will stop you in less time, with less jar, than any others in the world!

As the miles click by, you'll realize why so many of the sportsmen who own this car never travel by train. With Rolls-Royce, they can beat almost any express train schedule—and do it with ease, in arm-chair comfort. For Rolls-Royce is so vibrationless, so perfectly balanced, so *safe*, that you can use its speed, not for an occasional sprint on a faultless highway, but for steady, hour-after-hour driving on any kind of road.

Again we ask you to prove it. Write—we'll send a Rolls-Royce to your door. You can take the wheel for a 100-mile drive and question the car itself about its speed. There'll be a thrill in every mile of the answer!

* * *

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ROLLS-ROYCE

WELCOME!

Early in October our customers will enjoy the advantages of a really complete and modern jewelry and silversmith service. This has been made possible by the merger of two of Fifth Avenue's oldest, most famous houses — Black, Starr & Frost and Gorham —now known as Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc.

For months our architects have been busily engaged in remodeling the present Black, Starr & Frost building at Fifth Avenue and 48th Street, and the adjoining property at 6 and 8 West 48th Street, into which we are expanding. This reconstruction has resulted in greatly enlarged quarters

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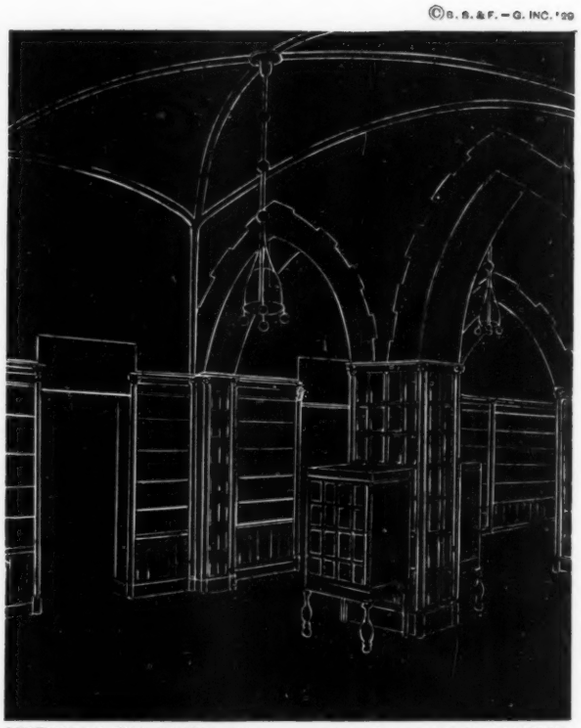

SECTION OF THE SILVER HALL - MAIN FLOOR, WEST BUILDING

CORNER OF THE GEORGIAN ROOM · SECOND FLOOR

with an unusual feeling of dignity and spaciousness, rightly belonging to such an establishment. Modern fixtures of a type new in jewelry and silverware houses, have been especially devised for the greater convenience of our customers and for the display of our wide and diversified stock. The personnel and management of the combined houses remain substantially the same.

Associated with the New York organization is Spaulding-Gorham, Inc., of Chicago and Paris. When you travel the service of all branches of the organization will be at your command.

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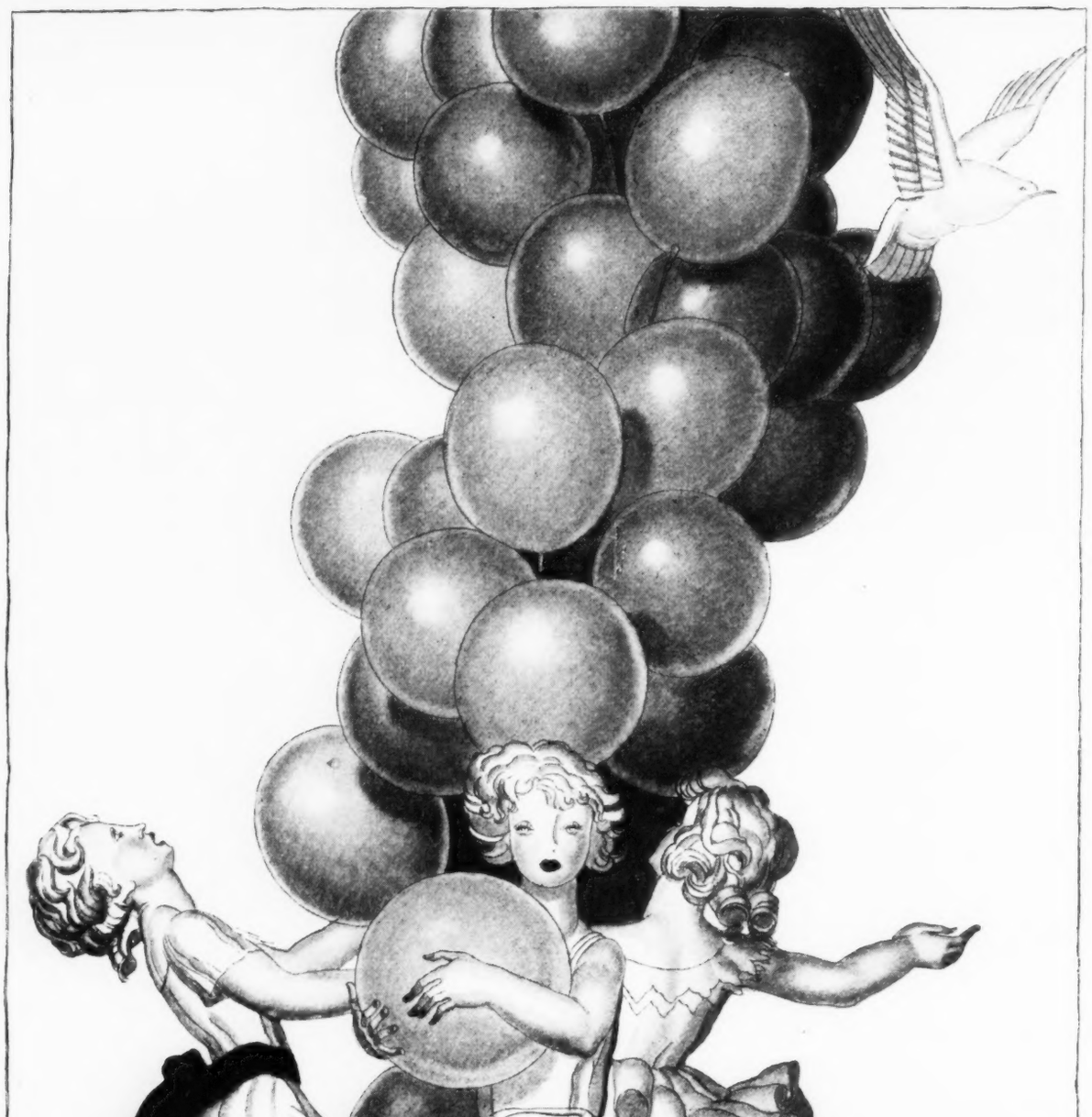

School Fashions...

For the school girl . . . the Junior Shop now presents a collection of Fall apparel . . . distinguished by that same fashion importance . . . that has made Saks-Fifth Avenue internationally famous

JUNIOR SHOP—THIRD FLOOR

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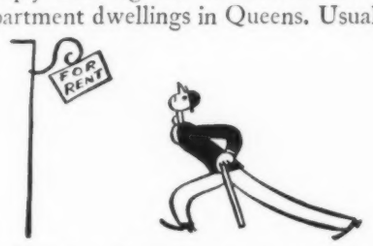
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

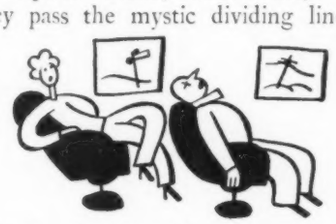
Notes and Comment

AS the rental season approaches, much can be learned about the private life of a local citizen by simply conning the advertisements of apartment dwellings in Queens. Usual-



ly there is a diagram of a typical floor plan. From the specifications one learns that the things nearest and dearest the heart of a Greater New York home-maker are these: a folding bed in the door, a radio outlet in the wall, a handball court in the patio, an electric icebox in the kitchen, a dining-table in the alcove, an incinerator in the basement, a cedar closet in the hall, and three golf courses within a few minutes. These are the ten commandments, as the golden leaves of early autumn drop gently to the pavement, and October 1 draws on apace.

TRAVELLING is more fun west of Chicago. Even on the crack extra-price trains, Americans, once they pass the mystic dividing line at



Illinois, give themselves up to getting the maximum of comfort and amusement out of their journey, while, this side of the packing houses, they are selfconscious, correct, and over-aware of their fellow passengers. Coming from the Coast on the Overland Limited, ladies abandon hats and coats, lounge, pajama-clad, in the compartments, jump off for post cards at Ogden and ice-cream cones at Omaha; shirt-sleeved gentlemen snore publicly and unabashed through the cornfields of Nebraska and crane for glimpses of air-mail fields. At Chicago the same hot human beings pull themselves together and board the Twentieth Century. It is probably just as hot but the same ladies abandon their sleeveless dresses, get their ensembles pressed by the barber, go into the diner correctly hatted and carrying their gloves; the same gentlemen sit upright in their seats, show no interest in a passing plane, and discard ice-cream cones for Coronas. The effete East—it's where we belong, but we can't avoid a sigh at the admission.

INVESTIGATION to determine the dreariest job in the world has brought to light the fact that the fence at Woodlawn Cemetery requires painting once a year—that is, each paling must be covered with a coat once in every three hundred and sixty-five days. Two men are employed on the work, and as punctually as they complete the round, the year completes its round. Then they start over again. How these gentlemen celebrate Leap Year is suggested as a topic for Sinclair Lewis' next book.

IT was just such a trivial spark as the arrest of the young rail worker who hooted at Mr. Whalen's automobile that set off the French Revolution. The imprisonment of a young workman for doing no more than emitting a small catcall at the splendid figure of the Commissioner is an act which might easily excite the imagination of the populace. If Mr. Whalen isn't more careful, after him may come the deluge. It might even come *during* him. That

would be terrible. Still it might be fun to watch, if it had to come anyway.

THIS new wrinkle the Post Office is getting ready for—a special handling service by air and rail—means more straws for the camel's back. Already there is talk of the day when all letters will be carried by plane. What we need is a touch of the good old days when it took four years to write to China and get an answer. The quicker the letters go the more there are. There is too much mail now and everybody knows it. For every letter got out of the way, a dozen others rush in to fill the vacuum. It's like all time-savers: when one linotype displaced seven compositors the newspapers didn't save six-sevenths of their time, or whatever the fraction is; they just grew six times as fat. At the time that was happening, America

got along with a fourth as many postage stamps as now; in New York the postal receipts have gone up seven times and a half. And what does all this mail say? The genius, daring, energy, and organizing power of history's most

materially transcendent civilization will be concentrated anew on bringing us a letter with "Personal" printed on it, which we'll toss aside unfinished when we find it offers us a chance to buy ourselves an automatic electric collar-buttoner.

The Lowest Form

PUNS, we're always sheepish about, but people come into our office and brandish guns and make us print them. Now Mr. D. Trowbridge Elliman, of the real-estate family, was playing golf at East Hampton with his wife, and coming upon a foursome, asked if he might play through. It happened that Mr. Bobby Appleton was a member of this foursome and replied instantly on its behalf. "Certainly," he said, "anything to appease an Elliman." Furthermore Mr. Ed Wynn was on the beach at Atlantic City last week, near two westerners. "A pretty bird," said one of them, pointing seaward to the object of his indolent attention. "Yes," concurred his companion, "it is—it's a gull." "Well," said the other, "gull or boy, it's a pretty bird."

Fralick

THE magazines in Dr. Wilfred G. Fralick's waiting-room are no better than those in other doctors' offices, but they have been thumbed by more famous people — Tunney, Dempsey, Firpo, and dozens of lesser pugilists. Dr. Fralick is a specialist in fixing the curious injuries that befall them. Schmeling heard about him in Germany and when he arrived called with a badly bunged-up thumb. The doctor removed a splinter of bone, strengthened the tendons with live tissues, and reinforced the knuckle with cartilage taken from the prizefighter's ribs. As a result the thumb was stronger than ever. Dr. Fralick thinks that vocational surgery—that's what he calls it—ought to make a member not as good as it was before, but better. In the case of Jack Zivic's right shoulder —it slipped and opponents who knew it hammered at the weak spot—Dr. Fralick made a deep and difficult incision to shorten and tighten the ligaments. The shoulder was left firm in its socket, firmer than it ever had been. One nick of the circumflex nerve, or any of several other large nerves, would have paralyzed the arm, but there was no such slip-up.

Some young surgeons have tried to follow in Dr. Fralick's steps but they get discouraged, and he has no successful understudies. He wishes he had, for he would much rather specialize in abdominal work, in which he has been really interested ever since moving here from Canada, his birthplace. It is prizefighters mostly who seek him out, but there are others. He once fixed a pianist's wrist, and he re-made an engineer's index finger. He got his start on Bob Fitzsimmons after the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight in San

"Commodore, why don't you write about your adventures at sea?"

Francisco. Fitzsimmons' hands were the worst he has ever seen, the doctor says. He put them in shape and the fighter sent scores of patients to him afterward.

Story of a Slogan

FOR years a story has been about that the Reynolds Tobacco Company has just paid some brilliant person a large sum for a new slogan which will startle the whole cigarette-smoking world: "Years ago camels carried wise men; now wise men carry Camels." We ourself have encountered this tale several times, at teas, in boathouses, at the Charity Ball. We have been told that the cheque was for five thousand dollars, that it was for fifty thousand; we have been told that a college girl thought up the gem, that it was a poverty-stricken poet, that the cheque went to the crippled but exceedingly clever son of a Connecticut politician. We now have the facts, from one of the Reynolds people. The truth is this: The Camel company has had the slogan in the files for five or six years, but has never seen fit to use it. In the meantime people keep sending it in all the time, as their own creation. The company doesn't think it is plagiarism, but that it is one of those things which occur to slogan-minded people readily. The legend of the big cheque has grown naturally out of the high hopes and general excitement. Probably the slogan never will be used.

Modern Temper

ONE of those querulous executives, a Mr. Mickle, was in a nasty frame of mind the other morning, on account of a compressed-air drill outside his window. He snapped everyone off and demanded impossible things of his assistants, the way he does when he's mad. At the height of his discontent, his secretary told him that a certain important gentleman was waiting to see him. Mr. Mickle flew into a rage. "I can't see him—I can't see him!" he bawled. "Tell him to go to hell!—tell him I said so!" The secretary started out. "But don't antagonize him!" Mr. Mickle shouted.

New Delmonico's

AT Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth the new thirty-two story Delmonico Building has stood dark, lifeless, unoccupied for a year, unique in this excited city; flatly uncanny, if you stopped to think of it. It was tied up in lawsuits. Now, on September 15, it is to be opened as the New Delmonico's. On top is the forty-five-thousand-dollar-per-annum triplex apartment, unrented as yet, according to late word. Some of the terraces of this dwelling in the skies are large enough for regulation deck-tennis courts—and of course one has been laid out. Helen Wills and Captain McNeil, considered the world's champion deck-tennis player, have played a match on it.

The management of the establishment plans to revive some of the Delmonico tradition. Nicholas Sabatini, chef of the old place, closed these six years, will be in charge of the grillroom, and as many of the old Delmonico waiters as can be recruited will be on duty there.

That is why the grillroom was put in the basement; the waiters were too old to climb the stairs from the kitchen. So we were told, anyway. At this writing they don't know whether they will be able to get enough of the old servingmen to make up a complete staff or not. Many of them are unavailable. Charles Groise, one of the most famous of the old captains, was offered a job but refused it. He is running a Coffee Pot in the Elizabeth, New Jersey, market-house. Several of the others are working for Eugene Taupier, general manager at Delmonico's for years, who has a restaurant at 23 William Street. Among these are Ernest Stockmer who served three presidents at various times—Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt. The site of Taupier's place, incidentally, is that on which Peter and John Delmonico opened their first little restaurant a hundred and two years ago. A bronze plaque has been put on the wall to commemorate this but Taupier keeps it covered because he doesn't like to have people staring at it. Jean Columbin, a famous chef in the old times, won't come out of retirement. Now nearly eighty, he lives at the Chefs' Club in West Forty-eighth Street.

Everybody probably knows how Louis Napoleon used to dine in Delmonico's when it was in Beaver Street and, after dinner, clear off the table to practice sleight-of-hand tricks with the handsome young actor, James Wallack, and how, in 1861, at a dinner in the Forty-fourth Street restaurant, Samuel Morse operated a telegraph key on the table and sent the first message by cable to Europe. But Delmonico's itself took still greater pride in other matters—chiefly, the number of new dishes its chefs created. Terrapin was first served at Delmonico's; minute steak was suggested by one of its most famous gourmets, Edwin Gould; lobster à la Newburg was created by a Delmonico chef, under the guidance of a patron. This gentleman was a famous sea-captain with a taste for good food, and his real name was Captain Ben Wenberg. The dish was, accordingly, christened "Lobster à la Wenberg," and was so known until the mariner had a row with Charles Delmonico and left the restaurant never to return. To get even, Delmonico transposed a couple of letters and time did the rest. It emerged "Lobster à la Newburg."

Bold

A TRAFFIC policeman of lower Broadway had to make out a particularly distressing report concerning a happening near his post last Wednesday. He saw a young man removing a spare tire from a runabout at the curb and went over and demanded to know what he was doing. "I'm stealing this tire—what do you suppose I'm doing?" said the young man. The officer, deciding he had been a bit too heroic, wandered back to his post. The other wandered down the street with the tire. A few minutes later the owner of the car showed up, and rushed out to tell the policeman that his spare was gone.

Golf

SOME day the members of the score or two golf clubs near the city will erect a tablet to the late Mr. Robert

Lockhart, but not many of them now have heard of him. He it was who introduced the game to these parts. The year was 1888 and the place was Central Park.

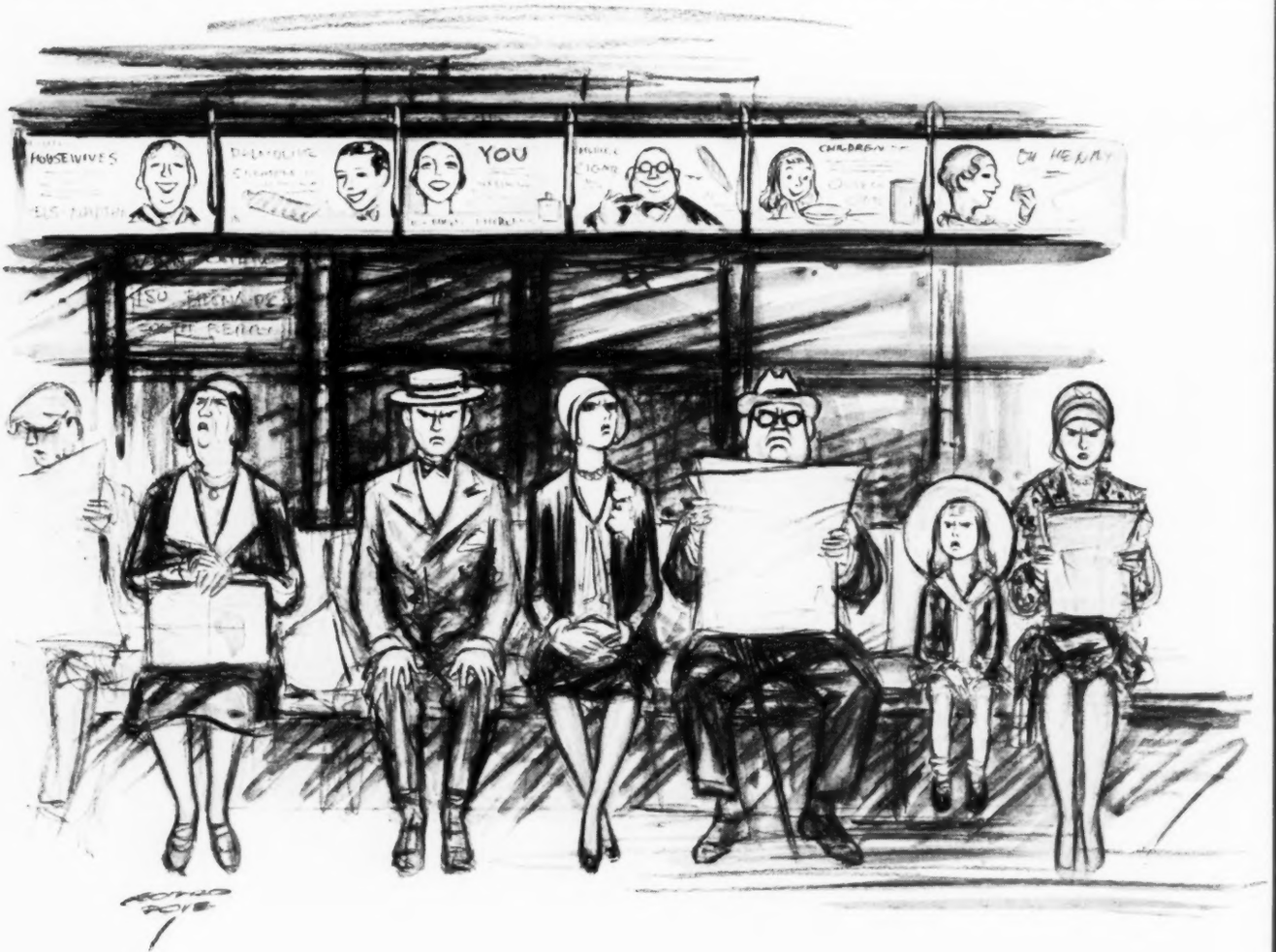
During the summer of 1887 Mr. Lockhart, at that time a linen merchant, revisited his birthplace, Musselburgh, Scotland, and there he gave out that his only objection to life in America was that the people had never heard of golf. This occasioned exclamations and, when he left, his friends presented him with a fine new set of clubs in a plaid bag and two dozen gutta-percha balls. Or, they may have given him six sets of golf clubs. There are two versions and we don't know which is correct. At any rate, on an afternoon in the spring of 1888, Mr. Lockhart appeared in Central Park with a plaid bag and a set of sticks, dropped a ball on the grass, and drove it whizzing down the meadow. A group of small boys was pleased but some old ladies were terrified. They didn't know what he was doing, but they thought it must be wrong, and they called a policeman. The great pioneer wound up in the police station. There being no golf then, there were no regulations against it, and he was released with a warning not to knock the ball around in the Park any more. This turned out a blessing, for the incident attracted sufficient attention to cause half a dozen other golfers to seek out Mr. Lockhart. Thus came about the first golf club. One of the players who turned up offered his stable in Yonkers as a clubhouse and his grounds as a course.

Four years later, the group, having grown to thirty, incorporated, bought thirty-six acres at the foot of Palisade Avenue, and laid out a course. Their official name was the St. Andrews Golf Club, but they were more familiarly known as the Apple Tree Gang, this because of an old apple tree growing near the first tee which for a long time served as a consolidated clubhouse, bar, and grillroom. Club meetings were held beneath the boughs, from which also were usually suspended a basket of sandwiches and a demijohn of whiskey. In 1891 the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club engaged Stanford White to draw up plans for a clubhouse and sheds for horses, and three years later the St. Andrews Club itself moved to larger quarters at Mt. Hope, above Yonkers. Though they left the apple tree, they apparently brought along the demijohn, for among the first expenses listed after moving is the item: "$1.25, for one corkscrew."

The apple tree is still blooming, on a private estate in Yonkers: occasionally an ancient, ardent golfer makes a pilgrimage to view the famous tree. In 1923, with appropriate ceremony, the American Ambassador to Great Britain presented to the Prince of Wales, in his capacity as honorary Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, a twig, encased in silver, from its boughs.

Dial It Again, Please

JUST as everybody expected, the dial telephones have developed certain difficulties. One of the principal ones is psychological. Calling Pennsylvania numbers, people dial "PENN" instead of "PEN." Now dialing the second "n" is really dialing "6," which has been particularly bad in the case of calls for the Pennsylvania Hotel, PEN 5000. People dialed "PENN" and got PEN 6500, the Hotel Association. This was fairly close, but not close enough. The association was so greatly bothered that it got its number changed, and the old one was vacated. Illiterates and people who don't stop to think have



trouble with Stuyvesant. They dial "STI" and get a Stillwell number. At this season everybody concerned is annoyed.

Amenity

A RATHER unimportant-looking little man, holding an unlighted cigarette, accosted an elegant gentleman in the lobby of a theatre and asked him for a match. The gentleman was annoyed, but began to search his pockets in a bored way, and at length brought one forth.

"I don't want to take your last match," said the little man, apologetically.

"Quite all right," replied the other, "I have a lighter."

Holographs and Such

QUITE a while ago we printed some notes on the autograph-collecting situation, mentioning that Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's payment of fifty-one thousand dollars for a Button Gwinnett was the record price for an autograph. The Gwinnett excitement has died down now and the collectors have resumed the even tenor of their ways, although keeping abreast of the situation. There is, and has been for some time since before the last presidential election, a fairly active demand for Hoover and Smith holographs, that is, letters written entirely in longhand. A good Smith holograph is rarer than a Hoover. Harding holographs are fairly rare, because no one thought to save his letters before he was suddenly hurled into national fame by being nominated. They bring around forty dollars, twice as much as Jeffersons, Madisons, or Monroes. (One can get a Buchanan or a Chester A. Arthur for ten dollars—maybe three for twenty-five.) The typewriter is what makes holographs scarce nowadays, but even though Harding didn't write voluminously with a pen, conservative collectors believe that his longhand letters bring too much, probably owing to a spirit of sentimentality in the market. Madigan's signature and manuscript shop, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, has a Mrs. Harding quoted at twenty dollars, which puts her on a par with Dolly Madison.

Content as much as scarcity governs the price of letters, documents, and so on. Bernard Shaws range from as low as twenty-five dollars to as high as five hundred dollars—the largest price ever paid for the holograph of a living person. Shaw is bothered a lot by autograph-hunters who write him provocative letters, fishing for replies. It's an old trick and Shaw is rarely taken in.

Mr. Madigan's collection includes letters and documents signed by about every celebrity one can think of from Henry VIII to Mary Baker Eddy. He is proud of some particularly rare signatures — Camille Desmoulins ($375), La Fontaine, the French poet and fabulist ($275). Dead men and ladies are of course in the majority, but an assortment of living statesmen, authors, and soldiers can be had—Mussolini, Taft, Tarkington, Galsworthy, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Pershing. Madigan has lots of soldiers. Some collectors are crazy about them, and go in for forgotten brigadiers of the American wars. The pens of some of the generals were mightier than their swords. A letter of George E. Pickett, of Pickett's Charge fame, is quoted at $150—higher than the letters of any of the rest—with Custer next, at $65; Lee, $25 (he wrote quite a lot); Ludendorff, $20; and Pershing, $7.50 to $10.

Harding once wrote that a president never writes a letter which is read solely by the one to whom it is addressed. That goes for others than presidents. The late Secretary Lansing, who wrote some pretty stuffy diplomatic documents, is represented at Madigan's by an amusing water-color sketch of five Christmas stockings, done at the bottom of a letter to a young relative, together with this verse:

> Our styles are various,
> Our mood hilarious,
> We are usually "out of sight;"
> We are out for a fling,
> We won't do a thing,
> But all get full tonight.

Resourcefulness

TWO nervous young men, with just time enough to get their tickets and catch the midnight for Boston, commanded a Red Cap in Grand Central to get them two ham sandwiches and a bottle of ginger ale, quick. In the bag of one of them was a bottle of Scotch and they thought to have a nightcap or two. The Red Cap caught the gentlemen as they were hurrying through the gates. "Couldn't get any ginger ale, Boss," he said, "so I brought a bottle of milk."

—THE NEW YORKERS

"If you aren't a good girl Papa won't play butterfly with you any more."

SO YOU'RE GOING TO NEW YORK

TO the traveler who is returning to New York after a summer in Europe, full of continental ways and accustomed to taking in with an appraising eye such points of interest as have been called to his attention by the little books he bought at Brentano's, perhaps a few words will not be amiss to refresh his memory about his homeland. One forgets so easily.

We approach New York by the beautiful North River, so-called because it is on the west of the island, the scene of many naval battles during the Civil War and referred to by Napoleon as "*le robinet qui ne marche pas*" ("the faucet which does not work"). All true Americans, on sailing up the harbor, will naturally feel a thrill of pride as the tall towers (incorrectly called "the tall towers of Ilium") raise their shaggy heads through the mists, and will naturally remark to one another: "Well, after all, there isn't anything like Little Old New York." These will be the last kind words they speak of New York until they are abroad again next year.

(We are purposely omitting any satirical reference to the Statue of Liberty and Prohibition, but there will be any number of amateur satirists on board who will make them for you in case you feel the need of them. The editors of this work believe, with Beaumarchais, that "obedience to law is liberty" and, so long as Prohibition is a law of this country, will do or say nothing to discredit it. It is, however, fairly safe to slip a couple of small bottles of Napoleon brandy into the pockets of your overcoat if you carry it over your arm.)

The word for douanier is *customs-house officier*, and you will find that the American customs are much less exacting than those of foreign countries, owing to the supremacy of American industries and their manufacturing efficiency which makes it possible for them to make better goods at lower prices than those of Europe. The only articles which one is not allowed to bring into America in any quantity are:

Wearing apparel, jewelry, silks, laces, cottons (woven or in the bale), living equipment, books, gifts, raw hides, marble slabs, toothpaste, sugar-cane, music (sheet or hummed), garters (except black with a narrow white band), sun-burn acquired abroad, moustaches grown abroad (unless for personal use), cellulose, iron pyrites, medicine (unless poison), threshing-machines, saliva, over four lungfulls of salt air, and any other items that you might possibly want to bring in.

The customs thus disposed of, we take a cab and tell the driver to drive slowly to our hotel. This will be difficult at first, owing to the hold which the French or German language has got on us. We may not have noticed while we were abroad (and certainly the foreigners never noticed it) how like second-nature it comes to speak French or German, but, on landing in America, we shall constantly be finding ourselves (especially in the presence of friends who have been at home all summer) calling waiters "*Garçon*" or saying to drivers: "*Nicht so schnell, bitte!*" This will naturally cause us a little embarrassment which we will explain away by saying that we really have got so used to it that it is going to take us a couple of days to get the hang of English. Some way should be found to make Americans as glib in foreign languages while they are abroad as they are when they get back to New York. Then there will be no more wars.

AMERICAN money will cause us quite a lot of trouble, too, especially those new bank-notes. Compiling statistics ahead of time, we may say that roughly one million returning Americans will remark to friends, during the month of September: "Say, I thought I had a ten-shilling note here," or "I'll be giving one of these dollars for ten francs the first thing I know." The fact that they are not the same size at all will not enter into it. Sharp-tempered people who have been in New York throughout the torrid season may have to take the matter into their own hands and shoot a great many returned travelers.

The new money will, however, present quite a problem, owing to the tendency of those who have been accustomed to wadding five and ten-franc notes (to keep them from falling apart) leaving dollar bills similarly wadded around in peignoir pockets or tossing them off as tips. New York waiters, during the month of September, will probably reap a harvest of wadded dollar-bills. Or maybe, when it is a matter of a loss of seventy-five cents, the travelers will catch themselves just in time and remember that they are back in America.

Now that we are safe and sound at our hotel, or home, or favorite speakeasy, we have the whole of marvelous New York before us. New York was founded by the Dutch in the Seventeenth Century (the editors will not give you the exact date because by looking it up for yourself you will remember it better) and is a veritable gold-mine of historic associations. We must divide our days up wisely, in order to get the most out of our stay here, and to renew old friendships and revisit familiar scenes. We shall also spend a few days looking over old bills which we neglected to pay before sailing.

The old friendships will not be so difficult to renew. The first old friend we meet will say: "Hi!" cheerily and pass on. The second will say: "Not so hot as it was last week, is it?" and the third will say: "When are you going to take your vacation?" This will get us back into the swing again, and we can devote the rest of our time to studying points of interest. Most of these will either have been torn down or closed.

There is an alternate, or Trip B, from Europe to New York. If we follow this, we stay right on the boat and go back to Cherbourg.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

TRIOLET IN A MINOR STRAIN

You may remember this of me—
That all the girlish tears I shed
Were spilled in strictest privacy.
You may remember this of me—
That I was brave (though probably
That's why I never got ahead).
But just remember this of me—
I bootlegged every tear I shed.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

"Did you meet any nice boys in the country?"
"Yes, I met a swell Boy Scout, and what a man! Just covered with medals!"

"I like the dining nook in 17H, but I think 21G has more charm."

LITTLE JOE

[SUGGESTED BY THE LATEST GUNMAN FICTION, AND SEVERAL OTHER THINGS]

I

ANGELINO stood at the window, looking down into Broadway. He fiddled with his watchfob nervously. This was the first job he had ever pulled in New York, and it wasn't pulled yet. He was fat, with a bald head, and he breathed with difficulty. He had never been out of Chicago before in his life. From time to time he studied his face in an ivory-backed hand-mirror.

"Well, let's get goin'," said the Turk. He was big, with a brown face, and his index fingers twitched.

"All set," said Joe. Joe was little and pale, with beautiful black hair.

"You guys got the layout?" asked Angelino.

"Everything's jake," said Joe.

"It's sure easy enough," said Angelino. "You walk straight into the lobby, buy your tickets, and he's the first doorman you come to, inside. Not the guy on the sidewalk, the guy at the inner door—goes into the theatre. The lobby'll be crowded with a lot of yaps and nobody will pay no attention. Joe gives him the gun, against the ribs—keep it inside your pocket, Joe—and the Turk takes off his clothes—"

"To hell with that," said the Turk.

"You take off the *doorman's* clothes," said Joe.

"I get you," said the Turk, mollified.

"Don't bother about rippin' off the braid and the jewels—take his whole damn suit," said Angelino. "We'll get the braid and the other stuff off later, back here, and split it three ways. That's all—only no gunplay. I don't want no gunplay. Get that."

"Come on, come on," said Joe, irritably. He started for the door. Angelino stopped to pick up his hand-mirror from the table and started to put it in his pocket.

"Lay off that damn lookin' glass," said Joe. Angelino put the mirror down.

"On our way, boys," he said, briskly.

II

THE lobby of the Movie Cathedral was crowded, mostly with young women and their escorts, chewing gum, laughing gaily. It was a quarter of nine o'clock. The crowd surged against the doorman every time anyone came out of the darkened theatre.

"Standing room only, no seats," said the doorman.

"To hell with that," said the Turk. "I got a ticket, ain't I?"

"We got tickets," said Joe, pushing closer.

"There are no seats just now," said the doorman. He wore a long silver-colored coat and trousers, with a great deal of solid-gold braid. A fourragère of gold, over one shoulder, was secured by a large emerald brooch in a handsome platinum setting. The coat buttons were also emeralds, somewhat smaller, but of equal purity, and the whole was charmingly set off by cuff stripes and trouser stripes of gold leaf, and surmounted, in exquisite taste, by a heavily braided cap, encrusted with rubies. A sunburst of diamonds formed the buckle of his wide crimson sash. The Turk eyed the ensemble greedily and his fingers twitched.

"Who dressed *you* up?" snarled the Turk, who had never seen anything like this in Chicago.

"Shut up, Turk," said Angelino. He pulled a hand-mirror from his pocket.

"I thought I told you to leave that thing at the hideout," said Joe.

"This is another one," said Angelino. He liked to look at himself.

"Nice bunch of softies I got in with," muttered Joe. He shoved up against

the doorman and jabbed the gun in his pocket against the doorman's hip.

"All quiet," said Joe. "You got a rod against you, brother."

"Standing room only, no seats," said the doorman, who did not understand what Joe was talking about.

"I'm roddin' you, you fool," said Joe, fiercely. The Turk pushed up, ready to take the doorman's uniform off.

"If you will bear with Civic Service a moment longer, Civic Service will procure you seats," said the doorman.

"What's he say?" demanded the Turk. The Turk did not understand English very well. He could speak it, but he couldn't understand it very well.

"He says wait," said Angelino.

"To hell with that," said the Turk. He grabbed the doorman's coat and trousers and began pulling on them. The coat, being of solid-silver mesh, wouldn't rip easily. The three men had not foreseen this.

"Get a load o' that—the coat's made o' iron!" said the Turk.

"Silver!" breathed Joe.

"Get the braid! Jerk out the rocks! Knock off his hat!" shouted Angelino.

"Here! Here!" said the doorman. "Civic Service will not—"

"Keep your shirt on," said the Turk, menacingly. He grabbed a handful of the gold braid which encircled the doorman's shoulders and tore it off. Joe helped him with his free hand and began wrenching off jewels.

"Here! Here!" said the doorman. He reached for his hip, to keep his trousers up, but the Turk misunderstood the mové. He fired from his hip. The doorman ran a few steps, looked as if he were about to sing something, and fell down.

"Let's get out of here!" said Joe. The three ran out of the lobby, knocking people down.

III

Angelino stood staring down at his baggage, waiting for the gates at the Grand Central to open. He was nervous. Joe sat on his suitcase, smoking a cigarette, with his eyes closed. The Turk was staring at the women going by.

"Nice dames here," said the Turk.

"They'll get us for this," said Angelino.

"You're gettin' soft," said Joe. A policeman sauntered up.

"Take it easy," whispered Joe. The policeman went by.

"They'll get us sure for this," said Angelino. The gates opened. Angelino hurried forward. Just then a boy ran by shouting an extra. Joe whistled to him, and bought one. The three pushed through the gates.

IV

Joe gave up reading the paper, lay back against his seat, and closed his eyes.

"Have they got it?" asked Angelino.

"Sure they got it," said Joe. Angelino put up his mirror, reached over, and took the paper from Joe. There were big headlines.

"What's it say?" asked the Turk. Angelino began to read.

" 'Police believe that in the shooting of John Wells, movie-theatre doorman, last night, they are confronted by an underworld plot whose roots may run deep into the byways and crannies of race-track gambling, night-club ownership, federal-prohibition-protection graft, and beer-war enmity. They are looking for a chorus girl known as Sad Emma, the manager of a notorious cabaret in the West Fifties, and several noted Broadway racketeers, who are said to hold the key to the mystery. The search may lead as far south as Miami and as far north as Bar Harbor and—' "

"To hell with that," said the Turk. The train pulled out of the tunnel, into the light. The three looked out at the city.

"Nice town to visit," said Joe.

"Yeah," said the Turk.

"A guy wouldn't want to live here, though," said Angelino.

—James Thurber

HOW I FEEL ABOUT THINGS

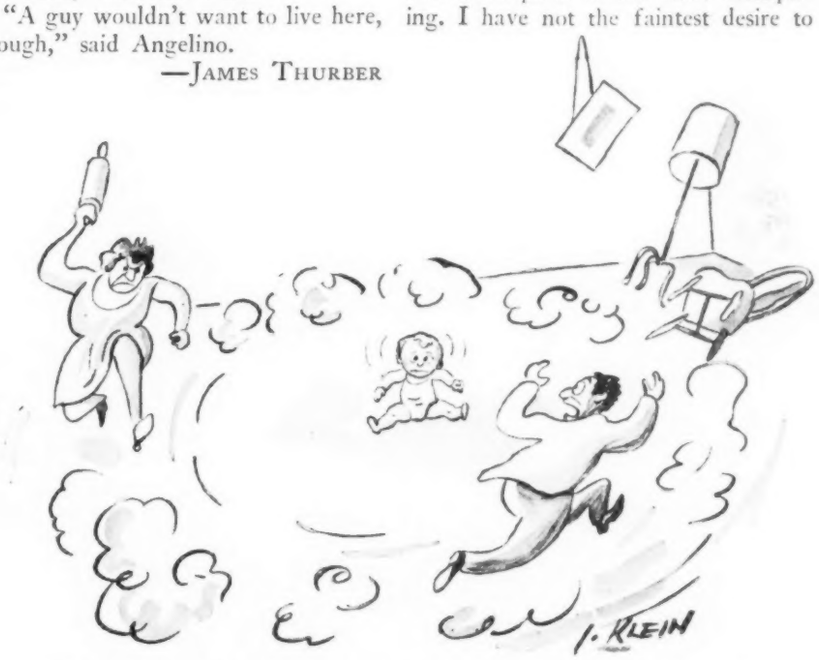
I CONSIDER New York livelier than London and a better-run city than Paris, cleaner than Vienna, healthier than Madrid, and an infinitely gayer place than Rome.

I do not, on the other hand, consider New York as livable as London, as civilized as Paris, as charming as Vienna, as picturesque as Madrid, or anywhere near as beautiful as Rome.

I like the hot *hors d'œuvres* at the Ritz Tower, and a strip of Nineteenth Street just east of Irving Place, the view of Central Park from the eleventh floor of the uptown side of the Plaza, the spaghetti *al sugo* at Louis & Martin's, and the window display at Saks'.

I do not like the blasting that rocks East Fifty-third Street, or the crowds that enflank the Broadway movie box offices on Sunday evenings, the first-row seats at Wallack's, or the *moules marinières* at the Hofbrau Haus, the foyer of the Forrest Theatre, or the head bouncer at the Club Elite. I know of no hotel lobby in town where I enjoy waiting an hour and a half. I believe the East River to be far more colorful than the Hudson and the lower East Side richer in drama than the upper West Side. I have never spent an entire night on a Bryant Park bench.

I regard the Braüstuberl as the most entertaining of the Yorkville fun halls and the Apollo as the most uninspiring. I have not the faintest desire to



"For Gawd's sake stop, woman—baby is getting dizzy."

swim around the island of Manhattan.

I regret the passing of the Eden Musée, the death of the Knickerbocker bar, the demolishment of the old Savoy, the dissolution of Jack's, Weber and Fields', Unter den Linden, Martin's, Terrace Garden, Joel's, and the "House of Lords."

I assiduously avoid all parties given at Webster Hall and have done so for years. I have stopped at as many as three different hotels in a single day.

I do not admire the statue of Civic Virtue that blotches City Hall Park or the telephone service at the Manger. I prefer the Columbia Burlesque to the Olympic. I believe St. Thomas' to be the city's most beautiful church, and Forty-seventh Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, the noisiest block in town.

I recommend the *crêpes suzette* at the Colony Restaurant without hesitation.

I am not in the least fetched by the ever-increasing number of apartment palaces that sprout along upper Fifth Avenue but relish, each spring, the patches of green that splash certain sections of Murray Hill. I have never listened to a lecture at the Town Hall.

"No thank you, Blodgett—I've seen Zeppelins."

I prefer the Japanese Garden of the Ritz to its roof, the grill-room of the Ambassador to its tea garden, and the smörgasbrod at Henry's, in West Thirty-sixth Street, to any other smörgasbrod I know of. I consider the burning of the Sherry-Netherland tower the most artistic fire New York has ever given.

Of the Chink chow houses I believe Chinese Delmonico's to be the best, while I hand the first prize to the Miyako, when it comes to the cuisine of Nippon. I can say little for the penny peepshow-shooting-gallery in Sixth Avenue, near Forty-sixth Street, or the paper napkins that bedeck the sundry Peg Woffington Coffee Houses. I am, however, hugely in favor of the usheresses at the Fifty-fifth Street Cinema Theatre. I regret that the Winter Garden no longer permits smoking.

I BELIEVE Barney Gallant's to be the choicest of the Greenwich Village food-and-dance emporiums and the traffic in Park Avenue between Forty-fifth and Fifty-ninth Streets, any rainy day about 5:30 P.M., to be the most congested in the city. I am curiously depressed upon entering all Allerton Houses.

I am at once attracted by certain sections of the town, now alas! threadbare, and am hence invariably drawn to Colonnade Row in Lafayette Street, Theatre Alley, Patchin Place, Rutherford Place, and Stuyvesant Square. I know of not a single shop where it is possible to buy first-class popovers.

I consider the oyster stew as confected at the restaurant in the Grand Central Terminal an ambrosial treat, but am unable to squeeze much of a kick out of the Crystal Room. My favorite all-night drugstore is Boyer's in Seventh Avenue. I look upon Jimmy Durante as a singularly droll fellow.

I see no answer to the traffic problem

save a diminution rather than an increase in the number of vehicles. I am of the opinion that the town is at its best in the late autumn—the month: October; the time: 6 P.M. I prefer Madison Square to Union Square.

I often wonder whether the city will change as much within the next decade as it has within the past decade. I have never seen anything at the Cherry Lane Theatre that was worth a tinker's damn. I am deeply grieved that Browne's Chop House is no more.

I delight in the Chelsea docks, the pawnshops off Chatham Square, the Manhattan Bridge at dusk, Fulton Market at night, the chimes of the Metropolitan Tower, and Sixth Avenue on a snowy evening in December. I have yet to discover a tea-room restaurant to my liking.

I CANNOT pass Grace Church without recalling the scene in "The Old Homestead," wherein Denman Thompson queried: "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" I believe Ye Olde Chop House, in Cedar Street, to be the best of the downtown eating places. I am not a member of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club.

I am ever fascinated by the push-cart vendors who line Grand Street of an afternoon in summer, though it is true that I have purchased comparatively little of their wares. I believe the best view of lower Manhattan is to be glimpsed from the Marine Roof of Brooklyn's Hotel Bossert.

For no really logical reason I am prejudiced against certain thoroughfares and, whenever possible, will tend to avoid them. Among such thoroughfares I include upper Madison Avenue, lower Broadway, and West Thirty-fourth Street.

I am not a regular visitor at the Mummy Room of the Museum of Art, but will not infrequently drop in at the Aquarium. I know of no spot in the city that is completely quiet. I would not care to be a traffic cop.

In my entire metropolitan career I have never boarded a train at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street or taken the night boat for Albany. I have, however, arrived in town at every conceivable hour of the day and night. I believe March to be New York's worst month.

It has been seven years since I have been on a cross-town trolley, while I engage the Hudson Tubes at an average of less than once every ten weeks. I consider Novotny's to be New York's best all-around tobacconist.

I have beheld dawn effects on taxi drives back from Yonkers quite as marvellous as any I have beheld in any other section of the globe. I have not yet set foot on Ellis Island, nor have I ever patronized the phrenologist in Third Avenue, near Fifty-second Street.

NOW and again I will roam for hours among the old-clothes markets in Baxter Street and have never grown weary of prowling about Mulberry Bend. I consider Trigger's a shop of infinite fascination.

I favor the Magyar goulash haunts in upper Second Avenue rather than the Greek coffee houses that line Madison Street, just as I prefer Minetta Lane to Sherman Square. I have never attended a wedding at Beethoven Hall.

I have walked the entire length of Riverside Drive along the railroad tracks but, as yet, have done little exploring in the region of Morningside Heights. I have investigated the Doyers Street Mission only once and Fraunces' Tavern twice. I heartily regret the disappearance of Martinka's shop of magical illusions that once stood in Sixth Avenue.

I have not yet been to the top of the Woolworth Building. I am not a patron of any of Nedick's orangeade booths. I take the B. M. T. at an average of once every three and a half months. I have never gone bathing in Central Park.

—CHARLES G. SHAW

POET'S PEDIGREE

When I was a wee lad
  I lived without a stitch
With a wild gypsy mother
  In a brambly ditch.
And how would I be man-broke
  Or tamer than I am,
With a heath for a cradle
  And a witch for a dam?
(Would that it were true,
  But the truth won't down.
We lived in a brick house
  'Way downtown.)

I learned wild music
  From the spate-fed burn,
And counted on an abacus
  Of sweet, sweet fern.
And how would I be mincing
  A small, prim song,
When the wind from the heath
  Through my soul blows strong?
(Coming home from school
  It was awfully jolly
To get a hitch behind
  On the Smith Street trolley.)

My dadda was a leprechaun;
  I saw him twice.
He'd a red cap, and shoes
  Of the skins of mice.
Not even our ditch
  Would he stop or stay in,
For—willaloo hoo!—
  He'd the world to play in.
(Pop was Republican;
  And how could I be daft
When he voted for McKinley
  And William Howard Taft?)

Loam for my mattress,
  And wind for my sheet!
Stars in my eyes,
  And the road to my feet!
A wild rhyme ringing
  And the rhymer fey,
For the song I must be singing
  Is "Away! Hark away!"
(But those who would talk
  Of a business connection
Will find me at my home
  In the Flatbush section.)

—JEROME BARRY

•

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Warnock and daughter Rita, left last Thursday in their car for Los Angeles where they will spend the winter. Miss Warnock will continue her study of music. Mr. Warnock thinks he will have to return to his cattle business by the first of March.—*Enterprise (Ore.) Record Chieftain.*

With a man's intuition.

INDUSTRIAL CRISES

A face appears in one of the Italian windows at Alice Foote MacDougal's

PROFILES

PARAMOUNT'S PATRIARCH

LIKE the employees of all big companies, the people who work for Paramount Famous-Lasky try to humanize their position by finding, or if necessary inventing, some trait in their president to which they can attach a nickname. They call Adolph Zukor "Pop." Many of them have never seen him, of course, but the name has more than a casual relevance; Zukor's paternal attitude is not limited to his own organization but extended impartially to the industry at large. He thought up the present scheme whereby producing companies set up their own censorship; it was he who persuaded Will Hays to leave the Cabinet and come in as Super-Censor. As a further preventive of scandals in Hollywood, he started a school where young people on contract to Paramount were taught decorum. These pupils, selected by contests conducted in various colleges, learned how to conduct themselves before the camera and at the same time were given classes in sociology and English literature, and lectured on the value of sobriety and an early bedtime.

Zukor is surprised when anybody criticizes his gestures for improving the social tone of the cinema as publicity schemes. Recently he told the head of his exploitation department that he was going to change the name of a picture which was about to be released and which was called "The Woman Who Needed Killing." When the exploitation official protested that a great deal had already been spent advertising this title, Zukor got excited and behaved the way he always does when something has annoyed him—scratching his head and neck as though they were itching, as he walks rapidly up and down the carpet in front of the desk in his small, oak-panelled office on the eleventh floor of the Paramount Building. His mood, as usual, brought results. The first spreads were called in and others issued in which the original title was changed to "A Dangerous Woman." Apparently something about saying that a woman needed killing seemed to Zukor a slur on womanhood, perhaps indirectly on mothers; as such it challenged the most important conviction of his character—his respect for the institution of the family.

FOR some time Zukor had kept close daily contact with his business, principally through the reports of his treasurers and occasional conferences on policy in the offices in Times Square. He was seen at the Hollywood studio so seldom that rumors grew up about him. It was said that, having made a huge fortune, he had retired, leaving most of his interests in charge of Benjamin Schulberg, manager of West Coast production. There was a good deal of surprise when he appeared without warning in California last fall and took active control of the affairs of the Paramount Company there.

Adolph Zukor

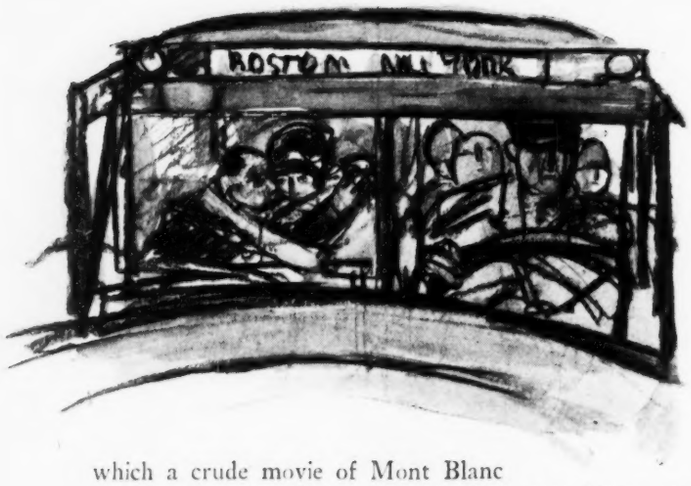
He turned up at a time of excitement and confusion. Every company in Hollywood was reorganizing to produce dialogue pictures. Like other producers, Zukor did not know much about sound production except that there were probably enormous profits in it. He had to find out about it, and he conducted his investigations in person. Since he went around without the cortège of secretaries and publicity-men usually attached to film magnates, he was not always recognized by the actors whom he watched at work or the technicians whom he cornered on production lots and questioned about costs.

His inconspicuousness is not due to lack of personality but to his looking so much like hundreds of other men of his age and race. He is short, well-knit, rough-skinned, with a crafty, energetic face and a cauliflower ear. He is fifty-six years old, and the close-cut hair, bordering his high, round forehead, is turning gray. When he talks, his eyes look sharp and calculating, but at other times they have a placid, almost benevolent expression, as though continually replenished from some inner source of confidence. He looks taller sitting down than standing up, and it is easy to imagine him dining, as he sometimes does, with forty of his relatives, benign and cordial at the end of a long table.

That in business he is not regarded as the amiable character he appears to his large family may be owing to his early training in wholesale furs—a trade in which he had a hard time for a while. Before he learned how to stitch furs he worked for an upholsterer in Second Avenue but quit because he was so small that holding down sofa-springs while he tacked batting over them exhausted him. A lot of things had happened to him before he began to make money in the movies.

WHAT is important in a story like his can be suggested by many somewhat isolated facts. Little Zukor coming over from Riese, Hungary, when he was fifteen, with forty dollars sewed in his waistcoat . . . met at the dock by Hungarian cousins then living in Brooklyn . . . going to night school to learn English, particularly hard for all Hungarians because of the difference in word-roots . . . learning to box, and getting one ear flattened and puffed in a way it was to stay for the rest of his life . . . learning to play baseball too, and being introduced one Sunday on the edge of a baseball lot to a dark-haired girl named Lottie Kaufman . . . falling in love with her at a pinochle game in her house . . . making profits in furs, clearing away his debts, and one day marrying Lottie Kaufman in the synagogue in the presence of all her relatives, a numerous congregation of dark-eyed, able-bodied people. After his marriage Zukor lived in the Bronx across the street from another furrier whose round head with its thick eyebrows and mustache looked like a baseball to which twists of horsehair had been glued. This furrier, whose name was Marcus Loew, went into the theatre business and Zukor invested some money in the company he formed.

For some time the returns on the Loew stock kept the Zukors prosperous, although his other investments brought in meagre returns. Adolph had sold his fur business and bought a downtown penny arcade, which he sold a few months later without making any profit. He invested in a side-show project called Hale's Tours, in



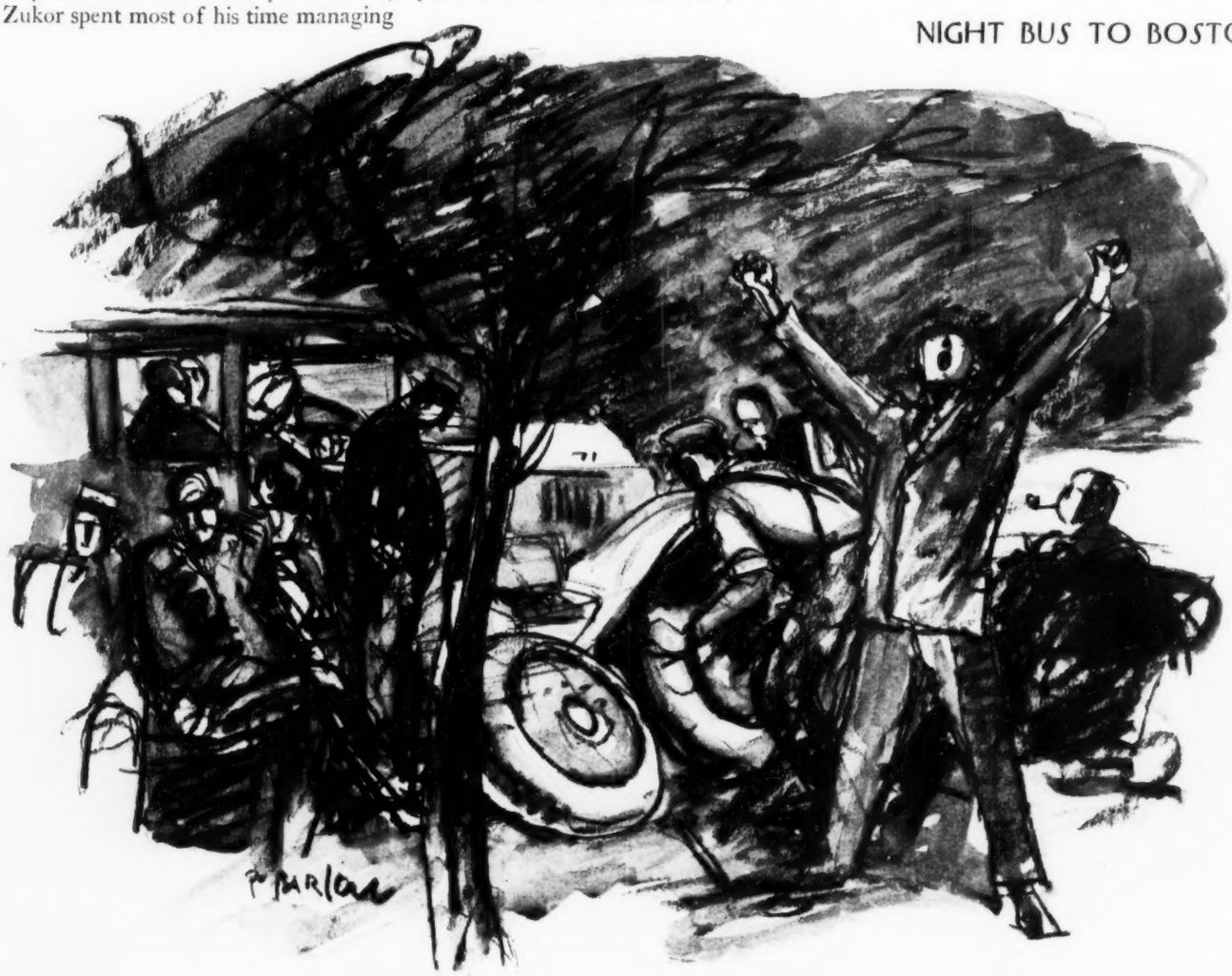
which a crude movie of Mont Blanc was shown in a gallery which rocked and swayed to simulate the movement of an observation car. His partner, William A. Brady, was already well-known as a producer. Zukor had met him while he owned the penny arcade. Hale's Tours made money at first, then got into debt and did not recoup its losses even when Zukor added to the travelogue a cinema with a real story —"The Great Train Robbery." Eventually the partners sold out Hale's Tours but continued their association in other enterprises. Investing in a small way in various of Brady's schemes, Zukor spent most of his time managing a movie theatre in Fourteenth Street.

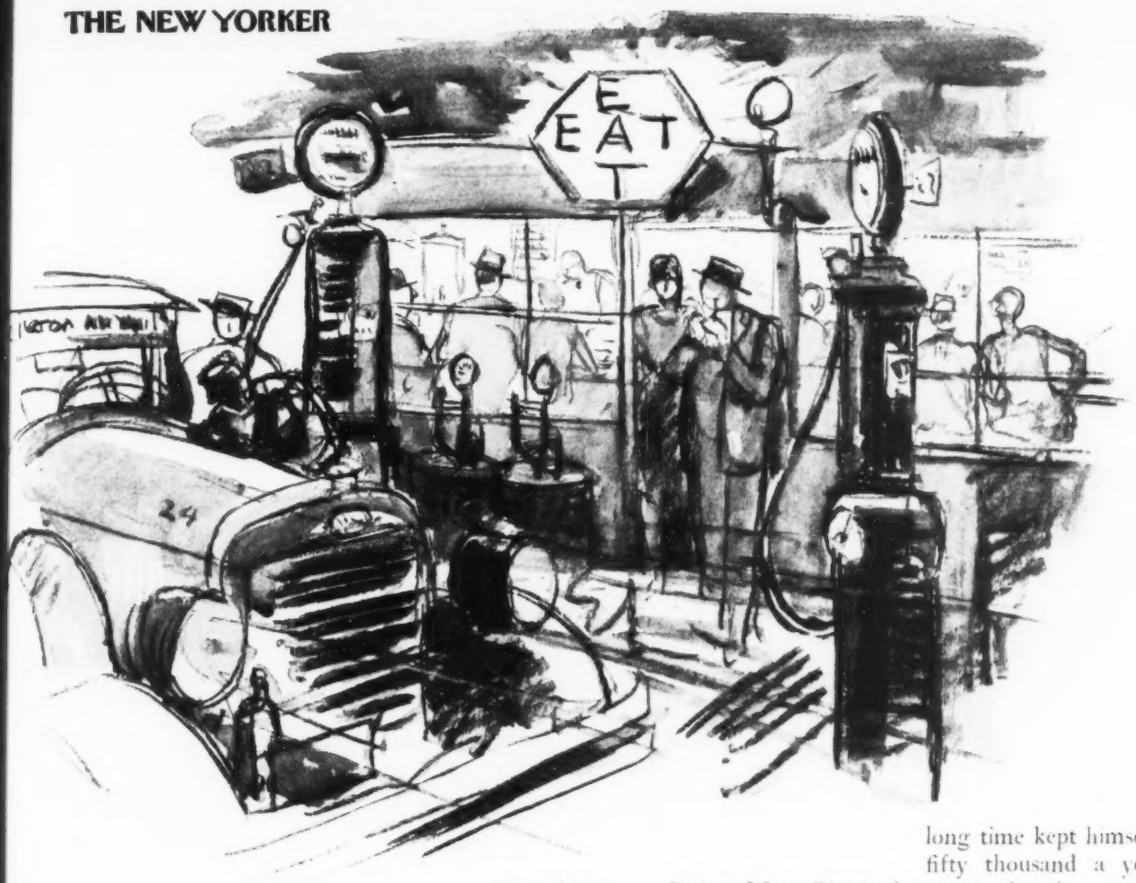
Zukor ran the Fourteenth Street Theatre for seven years. He used his spare time to find out how pictures were made. He hung around the studios of the Biograph Company, then one of the leading producers, asking questions and watching how things were done. Unlike Brady, he thought that there was more chance of making money in pictures than in productions for the legitimate stage. During this period as an exhibitor he was making plans to produce pictures himself. When he was ready to form a company he invited Brady to come in with him. Brady refused because he thought the venture was too speculative, but Zukor went ahead with his plans just the same. Without a financial backer, with no experience in making pictures, without even a license from the "trust" of ten companies that controlled the existing patents on cameras and films, he introduced his new company to the trade by presenting Sarah Bernhardt in a French cinema called "Queen Elizabeth," at the Lyceum Theatre, in July, 1912.

When asked now to explain his success, Zukor generally says that he rode a tide. He has also been known to tell young men that there are no large profits in the moving-picture business. These statements are not inspired so much by modesty as by a superstitious unwillingness to analyze what has turned out well. As a matter of fact, Famous Players succeeded because it was founded on a policy that had been thought out beforehand with the greatest care and even brilliance. Up to that time producers had not advertised their actors and had paid them as little as they could. Zukor decided that no matter what it cost he would get people famous on the legitimate stage to work for him. One night on a scratch pad he wrote a slogan: "Famous Players in Famous Plays."

From a tiny but fierce trade war waged by a group of unstable little companies, the cinema industry developed in the next four years like a plant in one of those educational films in

NIGHT BUS TO BOSTON





which growth-processes usually occupying months take place before your eyes in a few minutes. During the first six months of operation in 1912 Zukor's company was on the verge of bankruptcy three times—twice on a payday—occasions when somehow or other he managed to raise loans—and once when the studio burned down. By 1916 he was leading his field and his assets were so fluid that he could not tell whether they were worth ten million or twenty-five million dollars. He broke the so-called trust and merged Famous Players with Jesse Lasky's independent corporation with himself as president of the new company and Lasky as vice-president in charge of production. Famous Players-Lasky bought the great distributing company, Paramount, and then the theatres—now about seven hundred of them—belonging to the Publix string. The talked-of merger with Warner Brothers involves a total of twenty-four hundred motion-picture theatres, and envisages the largest chain in the United States. Before Mary Pickford left him to go with United Artists, Zukor had increased her pay from twenty thousand dollars to a quarter of a million a year; from producing eight or ten pictures annually he had come to produce more than a hundred and fifty.

S. R. Kent, whom he raised from a humble position to general managership of his combined companies, makes about a hundred and fifty thousand a year; Benjamin Schulberg, who came to Famous Players as publicity-man, is now in charge of West Coast production at about two hundred thousand; Walter Wanger has charge of eastern production at almost as much. Although he pays sums of this kind to officials working for him, Zukor for a long time kept himself on a pittance of fifty thousand a year so as to save money for the company.

ONE thing that helped his success is his habit of enforcing his own judgment in matters of cash business but subordinating it in artistic problems to people whom he considers better

qualified than he is. He was one of the first producers to hire professors to advise his directors on historical settings. When he has to decide himself some question involving taste, like the decoration of the Paramount Theatre, he is never confident. On the afternoon before the theatre was opened he stood in the lobby looking speculatively at the fountain, the nymphs in ormolu, and the Gargantuan chandeliers.

"Maybe it's not good enough; we don't know yet."

His doubts ended when Otto Kahn appeared and told him he liked the decorations, a statement that encouraged Zukor to make one of his rare public speeches. He talks the English he learned on the fur bench but makes it impressive for its integrated, terse content. He often uses the phrase "first-class" or "high-class"—others are "cash on the dot" and "fifty-fifty."

An English author whom he met at dinner told him that the greatest book in the language was "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and that it would make a fine picture. Zukor, whose reading is generally confined to the plots of films, had a synopsis made of Hardy's story, read it, and decided that it would make a high-class production. He had it adapted for film production several times but the adaptations never satisfied him and he is still looking for one that will.

His instinct for finding picture talent in odd places has led him to make mistakes and at times to accept rebuffs. When Lindbergh flew to Paris, Zukor, who was also there, showed a paper containing the story to one of his directors.

"Marvellous," said the director, who was looking at the text.

Zukor was looking at Lindbergh's photograph.

"You said it," he exclaimed. "Perfect! He has —natural— a perfect face for pictures."

He made Lindbergh several offers and for some time refused to believe that he couldn't hire anyone in the world for Paramount. His failure left him with the belief that he had not offered the aviator enough money.

HE insists on an efficiency in domestic life corresponding to that of his business. When showing visitors around his big place near Nyack he surprises them with his knowledge of farming methods. He usually knows how many quarts of milk his thoroughbred cattle are giving each week. The fields around the farm and the big lawns of his estate have been modelled into a full-length golf course which he sometimes plays under a hundred and ten. When one of the Schencks beat him he began taking regular lessons from Leo Diegel, whom he engaged as his private instructor at ten thousand dollars a year. Even his Irish caretaker became inoculated with the spirit of efficiency and invented an arrangement of shotguns rigged at each cellar window to go off if burglars tried to get in. To everyone's surprise the thing went off one night and killed a marauder.

This country mansion is really two houses—a "day" house of dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, big but simply furnished, and a "night" house containing nothing but bedrooms. His weekend guests, sometimes twenty or thirty, go from the day to the night house on a covered path. He does more entertaining in the country than in town. Usually the Zukors move to Nyack early in the spring from their apartment in the Savoy-Plaza and they stay late in the fall; Adolph and his son, Eugene, who is "assistant to the President," go to business on working days by yacht. Adolph is a Mason, a Lamb, and a Friar, but he seldom takes part in club activities; if he is not giving a party himself he likes to go to the movies with his family or play bridge with such friends as the Schencks or Felix Kahler or Jesse Lasky. He is good at bridge but never plays with anyone who does not know him well, having found that strangers do not seem to understand his passionate interest in winning. He used to play with Marcus Loew a lot, not always amicably. A friend who invited them both to a party was amazed to hear shouts in the bridge-room followed by the crash of a table falling. Loew came out, followed by Zukor, who was trembling with rage. After some discussion the host cleared up a point about a certain club lead and the antagonists, still refusing to speak to each other, picked up the table and went on with the rubber.

"M-m-m, Ybry's Femme de Paris."

THIS excitability finds expression in other less childish ways. The same sentimentality that makes him cry, so that he is sometimes caught in tears when the lights go on in his private projection-room after the showing of a picture, leads him also to give money away in odd kinds of charity. He sends, for instance, a private allowance to almost half the inhabitants of the Hungarian village where he was born, and pays an agent in Budapest to see how the money is used and to recommend to him other people worthy of help. He seems to feel responsible for these people, and on his visits to Ricse he asks to hear their troubles and hands out money prodigally.

He is responsible also for a good many things which have no direct part in his busi-

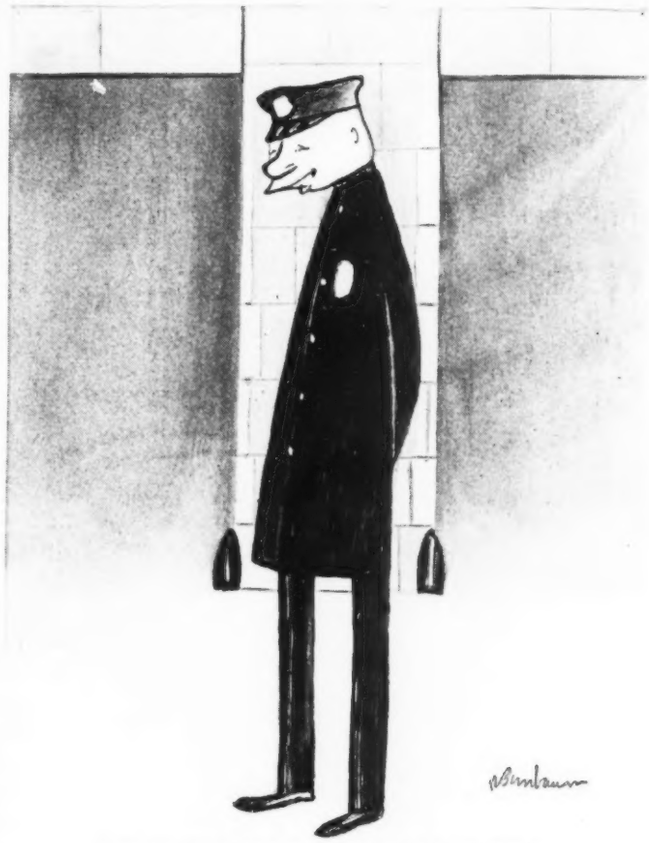
ness or his life. As virtual controller of one of the most important organizations in the film business, this little man who was too small to push down the sofa-springs, the Hungarian immigrant, the furrier, the theatre-owner, exerts an influence on popular thought and culture so extensive and powerful that it cannot be accurately appraised. Through the pictures produced in his name, he invades the imaginations of millions of people, influencing their manners, their taste in clothes and haircuts, and even—thanks to the sound device—their speech.

Accepting this power as an inevitable part of his business, he neither uses it for idealistic betterment nor —according to his standards—degrades it. As for business, he subordinates that to nothing at all except, possibly, his family. Usually impatient of the slightest interruptions of his routine in the office, he once kept a conference of a thousand branch-managers waiting for an hour because his daughter had brought his grandson to see him. As you would expect, he took the baby into the conference-room and introduced him to the boys. Like his concern for cinema morals and his satisfaction when one of the actresses working for him gets married, his feeling for family shows you a pleasant side of his character. What he owns, controls, he has made part of a tribal house. He is a sort of patriarch, and at those times when he sits down to dinner with forty people of his house he must feel, looking down the table, that the promises of good harvests and many descendants made to the fathers in the old time have come out right for him. —NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

•

The bridegroom's gifts to his best man and ushers were Morocco billfolds. Mrs. Robertson was graduated from the Poughkeepsie High School in the class of 1820.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle News.*

When Moroccan billfolds were in their heyday.



OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

Patrolman August "Gus" Benz, Shield No. 9687, has been at Forty-fourth Street and Vanderbilt Avenue for nine years. He says that members of the Yale Club give him surprisingly little trouble.

• •

OF ALL THINGS

LA GUARDIA and Walker have called each other politicians. This being all cleared up, the only issue that remains is whether the Major can change his "j" to a "y."

•

A United States court rules that home brew from home-grown fruit and for home use is legal. With farmers definitely exempt from the operation of their favorite amendment, the government can now concentrate upon putting down the city-slicker traffic.

•

Alexander Legge, Chairman of the Farm Board, refuses to be a social crisis in Washington and agrees to eat in the kitchen or second table. Farm boarders we know say he will be lucky to get anything to eat at all.

•

Alfred B. Lewis was arrested in Boston for mentioning Sacco and Vanzetti. This was a glorious victory for the cops, as the martyred Italians were never mentioned again except by every paper in the city and most of the inhabitants.

•

The famous case of Snowden vs. World has been settled out of court. England, if we understand it, takes the long end of an eighty-twenty split.

•

Few New Yorkers will deplore the decision not to have a World's Fair here in 1932. It would scarcely be worth the deficit to hear ten million people refuse to live here if we gave them the place.

•

Bennett pledges himself to close the speakeasies and Coudert promises to solve the Rothstein mystery. All very well in its way, but who will get a couple of good pitchers for the Giants and the Yanks?

•

Says a wireless to the *Times* from Copenhagen: "The Nasperwar sunk in a few minutes but everyone managed to make their escape." Scoffing at the laws of gravitation and grammar.

•

Nimzowitsch of Denmark won the world's chess championship at Carlsbad. The tournament was considered a great success because it was finished in time for the next one to start.

•

The boxing kangaroo has reappeared in New York. He represents the manager's rosy dream of a pugilist who will not demand a share of the gate receipts.

•

A young fellow in Connecticut played the harmonica continuously for three and a half hours. This, we feel, constitutes an endurance record for the families of harmonica fiends.

•

Jack Dempsey has been suspended from Equity but at press time he says he has not heard the news. It is one of those things that his best friends won't tell him.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MIDAS IN THE VILLAGE

THEY are probably the largest gin merchants in the Village. But when you drop in to make a purchase, particularly if you are an old customer, the talk is not of alcohol but of the new home they have built and are still in the process of furnishing. Casual phrases about thousand-dollar bathrooms and fifty-globe candelabra, marble fireplaces, mahogany bookcases, Oriental rugs, hand-painted beds, and various ornamental gewgaws, however, had left me unimpressed. Then one day I paid a visit.

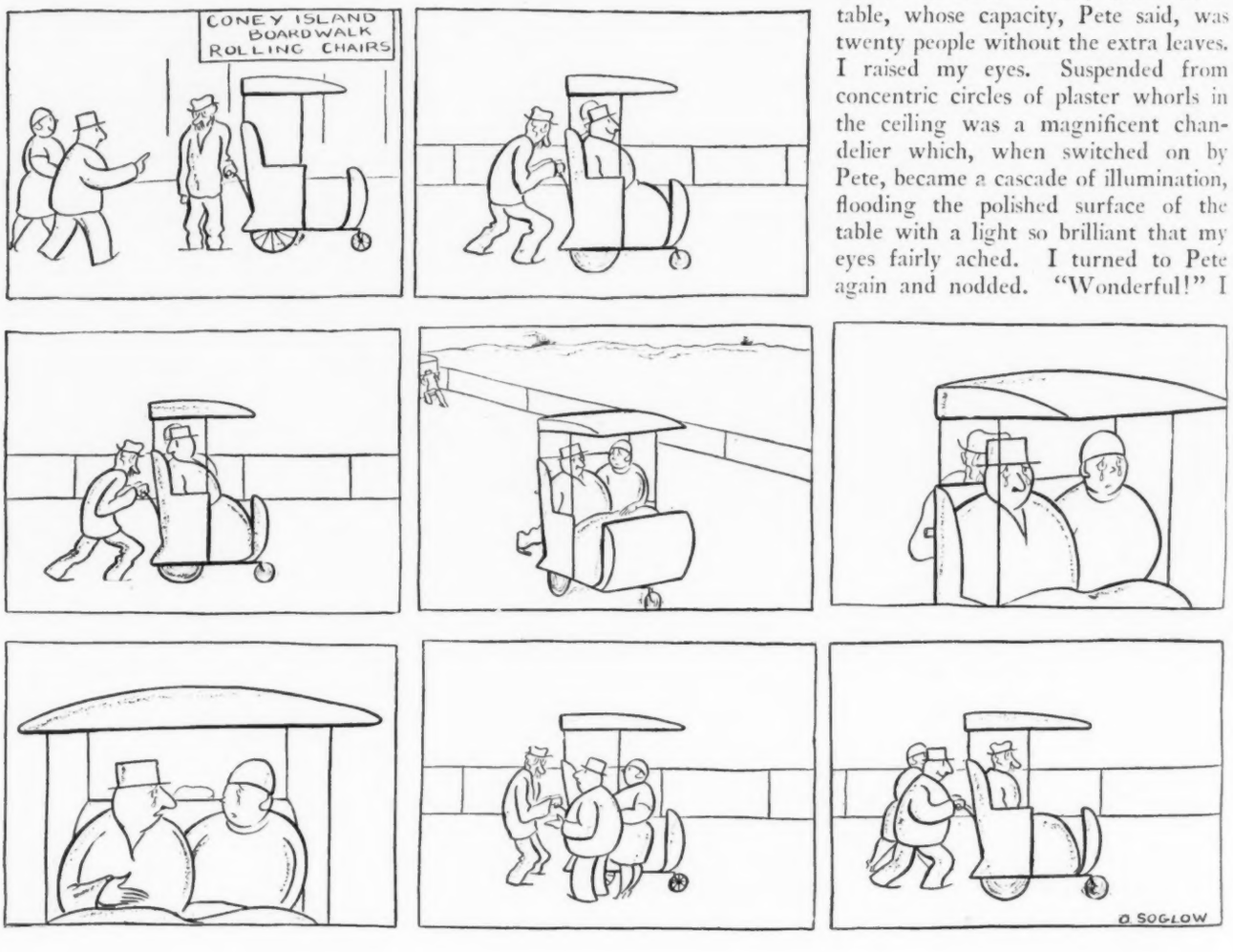
My first suspicion that what I heard might be true came accidentally on the street one day when I sidestepped a group of urchins playing hop-scotch and caught a breath of quite the most sophisticated perfume I have ever smelled below Eighth Street. A skipping youngster, in middy blouse and short skirt, was the luring siren; I recognized her as the youngest member of my bootlegger's family.

From the unpretentious shop where these Italians carry on their trade to the palatial home in which they live is but a few steps along the street, and Pete, who is the energy if not the brains behind the business, will gladly show it off to an interested customer. It was here that I saw these peasant plutocrats in the midst of their riches.

THE house is an old tenement building which has been husked of every vestige of its former self, keelhauled from top to bottom for modernity's sake. There are three apartments, one to a floor, the first and third of which have been rented, the middle occupied by the family. A three-story building to the rear provides bedrooms for the sons, but it is the middle-floor apartment in which the family has its gorgeous and spendthrift life. It is the family seat; here every one from grandma down to the little girl of the perfume can be expected to check in sometime during the day or night.

After ascending a wide staircase through hallways literally sheathed in thick, smelly green paint, streaked to give it a grain effect, I followed my guide to a bevelled maplewood door, twice the width of an ordinary apartment entrance. Inside, I paused involuntarily, half expecting a butler to claim my hat and coat, and then as my eyes refocused I saw in mild astonishment what looked like grandma at the far end of a long corridor, sitting beside a window, paring potatoes into a basin on her lap. And as I was led through room on room of gilded luxury I was somehow always aware of grandma and the potatoes.

As Pete said, "Here's the dining-room," I thought I saw faint anxiety in his eyes, but he smiled as if to encourage me. Suddenly I was standing on a rug the nap of which was so thick that I felt my feet were muffled. The sensation was mystifying and disquieting. "Cost five thousand," said Pete, in answer to my questioning look. I nodded and looked around. Before us stood a vast, solid-walnut table, whose capacity, Pete said, was twenty people without the extra leaves. I raised my eyes. Suspended from concentric circles of plaster whorls in the ceiling was a magnificent chandelier which, when switched on by Pete, became a cascade of illumination, flooding the polished surface of the table with a light so brilliant that my eyes fairly ached. I turned to Pete again and nodded. "Wonderful!" I



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In this living-room the exotic charm of the Mediterranean has been happily expressed in the deep, rich color of the furniture silhouetted against the neutral tone of rough plastered walls. For rooms of both formal and informal character a wealth of inspiration is revealed in the profusion of decorative ensembles at these Galleries, whatever the scheme in view.

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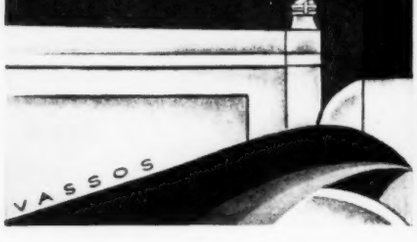
Ask the man who owns one



said. "It's Mamma's idea," answered Pete. His tone seemed somewhat wistful. On one side of the room stretched a long buffet, fifteen feet of solid something or other, with a dining set of silver and china artistically spread over its smooth surface, and two clocks. The clocks, one at each end of the buffet, were companionate pieces, as it were, one being supported by the figure of a woman, the other by a man's. Both were running, of course, and both chimed the hours. I understood Pete's anxiety when he explained apologetically that they had been bought by Mamma at an auction, on one of these shopping expeditions which she managed to carry out despite Pete's vigilant eye. Obviously Pete had some feeling in these matters and disliked allowing Mamma to run riot. In further reference to his mother's habits he explained that once she had bought two automobiles on the same day because she had liked two salesmen so much that she could not make a choice between them.

WE drifted into the living-room. Here I found a dozen overstuffed chairs and chaises-longues, with a floor lamp or table lamp every few feet, so that one probably had the sensation when the lights were on of being at an evening garden party, with Japanese lanterns hanging on every bush. Here Mamma's whims and Pete's taste were again in conflict, it appeared, for Pete had been forced to stow at least a half-dozen additional ornamental lighting fixtures that Mamma had intended for this room in the storeroom in the basement. "She goes in for things too much," Pete ventured to comment.

Finally Pete showed me Mamma's bathroom, the one that cost a thousand dollars to outfit. A colored skylight

• •

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SUMMER'S not a *memory* at the CAVALIER, but a *glorious, shining reality*. Come, take another fling at it. Dash through the waves again, gallop through the pines, smash a gleaming golf-ball through the blue Virginia skies. . . . . .

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The buying power and the stability of a market can be gauged by the number of its *individual homes* and *home owners.*

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Serving the reader with care, accuracy and truth. Avoiding shock headlines; using no prizes or circulation contests.

Seeking the confidence and the respect of the *home* in this city famous for homes.

Until today among 572,600 homes, The Evening Bulletin's circulation is 548,573 copies daily. *Twice* the size of any Philadelphia evening newspaper. Nearly as large as all morning papers *combined.*

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This OLD YORK PATTERN consists of flowers in high relief, placed on the rim and decorated in various pleasing colors. In open stock Dinner Plates are $20 doz.; Bread and Butter Plates, $14 doz.; Teacups and Saucers, $22 doz.; Tea set, 23 pieces, $34; Dinner Service, 97 pieces, $160.

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shed a pale green light over the gleaming tiles of the room. Beneath the skylight, sunk two feet into the green-tiled floor, was a black bathtub, built of basalt. Pure bronze spigots glinted at the edge of the tub, while above it, much like one of Mamma's floor lamps in the living-room, a complicated contrivance in bronze also raised itself. This was the shower, Pete said. Around the walls were hand-painted frescoes of Italian rural scenes, done by a local artist. What macabre thoughts came to Pete's parent while she bathed in the depths of her tub I could only surmise.

Papa's bed was of the finest gosling down. When Pete showed me his bedroom I had a vivid picture of this old man, who sits around the shop all day in slippers, baggy pants, and a soiled old sweater, looking like a bum on a park bench, coming home to this bed of an evening, hanging his worn clothes on the back of a gold-lacquered chair, perhaps contemplating the bouquets of flowers painted on the sideboards of his bed, and then crawling into its costly linen, aware only that another day was finished and that tomorrow he must go down to business again.

OBVIOUSLY all this magnificence has left this family untouched. They eat most of their meals in the kitchen, which must have several hundred dollars' worth of copper in its equipment. They are happiest when packed into the family sedan for a day's trip to the country. Pete or one of his brothers may occasionally go uptown and buy Mamma or some girl friend a diamond necklace or ring—as casually as I might buy a Victrola record—but for the main the family continues in the traditional groove, unperturbed in the plethora of costly knicknacks around them. I am interested in the future of the little girl who doused priceless perfume on her middy, but even she has a worthy precedent in one of her older sisters, who in disgust threw up an exclusive girls' boarding school to return home and live with her family, content to help run the house, wash dishes when needed, and likely marry some handsome young iceman of the district.

—JOHN MITCHELL

•

BEAUTY EXPERTS FORM NEW BODY—*Headline in the Hartford Times.*

Along the same general lines, we hope.

Piquante — Vivacious — Chic

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT II

A lovely young Parisian-American reveals the French philosophy of Beauty

LOVELY young Parisian—welcome to America! Born and bred in France, you bring its sunshine in your smile. Tell us your French philosophy of beauty! What is the secret of your inimitable charm?

"This is our rule," says beautiful Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II. "Be always meticulously groomed, *toujours soignée!* For beauty in France is chic, and chic is smartness, simplicity, fastidious perfection of detail.

"Yet to America we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness—simply, swiftly, surely.

"Just the four steps of Pond's Method will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and fresh and clear.

"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Freshener tones and firms the skin, and the delicious Vanishing Cream keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world nothing is finer or purer than Pond's four delightful preparations!"

WOMEN OF ELEGANCE in every land follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are softer, more absorbent—a saving of laundry and towels.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, preserve youthful contours.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Beautiful MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II, *née Janine Voisin of Paris, is the bride of the young scientist-sportsman of this famous American family. A radiant "October blonde," her golden hair and brown eyes contrast with her fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by this Russian evening coat of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold!*

(left) *On her Florida honeymoon, this young Parisian discovered the delights of deep-sea fishing.*

•

(right) *Pond's four delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream, and fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness.*

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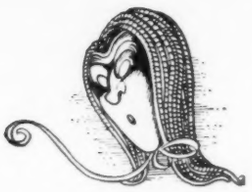
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



"HARLEQUINADE"

IN a curiously haze-hung book called "Harlequinade," which John Lane has just published in London, a great lady named Constance Collier tells the story of her life up to now. A fascinated reading of its raffish, jumbled, and provocative chapters has sent my memory rambling down so many bypaths that it would take a hundred such pages as this to hold the foot-notes I should like to write for the second edition.

At random I reopen the volume here on my desk, and select one passage to tell you about. It was when Miss Collier was visiting the hospitable Favershams a score of years ago. They had bought a house from Richard Le Gallienne, a sprawling old house in Surrey with oak-beamed ceilings and doors so low that the more inexperienced guests spent most of their visit recovering from slight concussions of the brain. The most constant of these guests was a twelve-year-old waif, a Girl Guide, with severely plaited hair and a flinty glint in her great grey eyes. Miss Collier recalls the half comic, half pathetic sight of her, setting forth undaunted one cold Spring morning as cook and general boss of a fortnight's encampment on the open plains. In preparation for this expedition the kid had been busily polishing a Mexican saddle left over from "The Squaw Man," and regretted only that the village milkman's old white horse, on which she must be mounted, would do nothing more dashing than amble phlegmatically down the lane.

That night, from the opulent depths of her cozy bed, Miss Collier heard the wind howling in the chimney and the April rain beating on the panes. It was therefore a damp and slightly bedraggled Girl Guide who came back next morning—came back, mind you, only for fresh equipment. In the middle of the night the storm had knocked her tent down and pinned her beneath it. Poor child, had she called out for help in the cold and darkness? Not she. Indeed, she quite glowered at the sympathetic questioner.

"What did you do, dear?"

"I crawled out," said the Girl Guide, "and built it up again."

I repeat the anecdote here only because it goes so far to explain the success of the Civic Repertory Theatre. For of course the indomitable miss in the story was our own Eva Le Gallienne. This new tent which she has pitched in Fourteenth Street on as cold and wind-swept a plain as ever Surrey knew has recaptured something for which "Harlequinade" is one long, rueful sigh—the lost charm, the lost *pleasure* of the theatre.

HOW much of that ingredient Sir Herbert Tree must have put into His Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket! As you read Miss Collier's memories of its palmy days, you realize that there is no stage in the English-speaking world today whose people work so hard or have so much fun. Inevitably, those memories rise like incense to the famous dome of the playhouse in the Haymarket—the cavernous attic from which you could peer down on the unsuspecting audience, where rehearsals were held in the filtering daylight, and where, after a première, all the great of the world would come to supper. You can almost see Tree mooning about among his guests, still sweating, perhaps, from his exertions as Hamlet, and hungry as a child for a word of praise.

"Ah, Tree," says W. S. Gilbert, slapping him on the back, "at any rate your skin's been acting."

Just a dear, Gilbert must have been.

Or perhaps it is the first night of "The Merchant of Venice," and the new Shylock is chiding his half-brother, the incomparable Max, for not coming up to felicitate him.

"I'm sorry," says Beerbohm mystically, "but I was afraid you wouldn't know me in your beard."

Pinero, Maxine Elliott, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, Puccini, Bernhardt, Coquelin, Guitry—as Miss Collier's pen travels over the paper you can almost hear the hum and hubbub at those supper parties of a night gone by. They say Tree's ghost haunts the dome now, although it did have one slightly more corporeal occupant on a recent evening when, on the stage below, a company, including our own Peggy Wood, was giving the first London performance of Noel Coward's new operetta, "Bitter Sweet." The one occupant was Mr. Coward himself, peering down on the group of West End first-nighters whose dislike he so cordially reciprocates. He was up there to lead the cry of "Author, author" after the final curtain and also, my spies tell me, to amuse and revenge himself by spitting on the audience.

BUT of course the aforesaid hum and hubbub surrounds some folks all their days, for they themselves evoke it. Such a one is Constance Collier, and a half hour after she comes wandering down a gangplank one of these days to play "The Matriarch" in New York, the bell of her hotel suite will start ringing, and a swarm of people who have somehow mysteriously discovered her presence will move in. Moissi, Ben-Ami, Mrs. Fiske, Ina Claire, Noel Coward, that little Mr. Sherriff who wrote "Journey's End"—the likes of these will find what room they can in the litter of arriving packages, the noise of young playwrights reading their manuscripts aloud, and the jabber of the personal livestock she accumulates wherever she goes. I have a picture of her talking to her parrot, while her white Pekinese (named Noel Collier), her Siamese cat, and her singing monkey glare at one another on her lap.

"Why no horse?" I wondered.

"There was one," explained Marc Connelly, "but it backed out to take the photograph."

Hers, of course, is the impresario's talent. The same power conjured up out of the deeps the first night which remains in my memory as the most glamorous I ever attended. That was the night when, under Miss Collier's generalship, with Maude Adams running the lights from the electrician's gallery, with Edward Sheldon propping up the scenery, with Ethel Barrymore hovering backstage to keep her brothers in order, and with the orchestra striking up a dear old French tune called "Plaisir d'Amour," the curtain first rose on "Peter Ibbetson."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

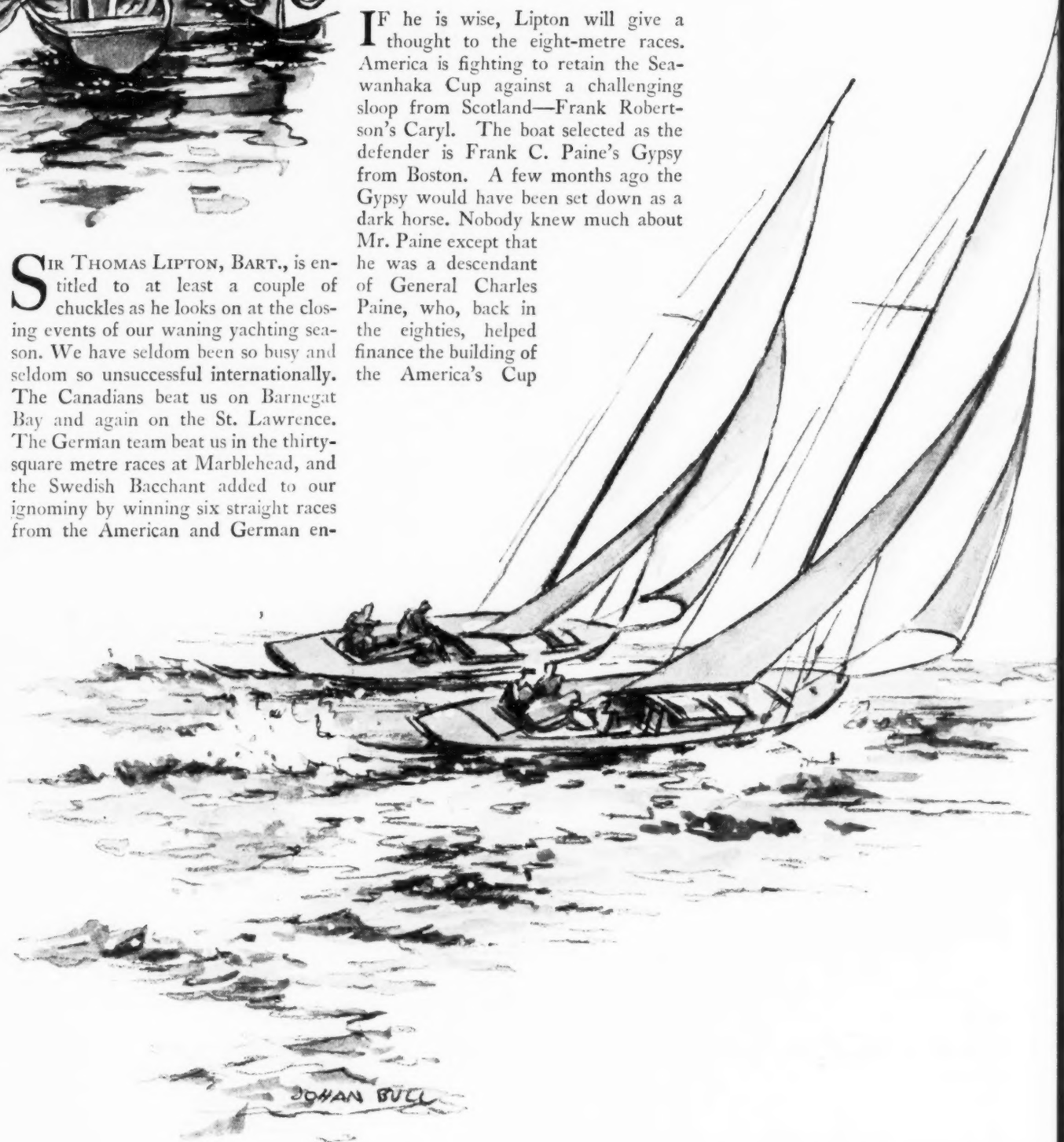
Some Cups Leave Home—Boston Beans—Sir Thomas Lipton and Newport—When Is a Small Boat Small?

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, BART., is entitled to at least a couple of chuckles as he looks on at the closing events of our waning yachting season. We have seldom been so busy and seldom so unsuccessful internationally. The Canadians beat us on Barnegat Bay and again on the St. Lawrence. The German team beat us in the thirty-square metre races at Marblehead, and the Swedish Bacchant added to our ignominy by winning six straight races from the American and German entries in the same waters. We now come to the eight-metre races off Oyster Bay, and the twenty-two-square metre races off Greenwich, with our heads still held high and our hopes not so bright. Doubtless Sir Thomas wishes he had his Shamrock V here now, ready to race for the America's Cup, for it seems that this year we are to lose most of our precious silverware.

IF he is wise, Lipton will give a thought to the eight-metre races. America is fighting to retain the Seawanhaka Cup against a challenging sloop from Scotland—Frank Robertson's Caryl. The boat selected as the defender is Frank C. Paine's Gypsy from Boston. A few months ago the Gypsy would have been set down as a dark horse. Nobody knew much about Mr. Paine except that he was a descendant of General Charles Paine, who, back in the eighties, helped finance the building of the America's Cup defender Puritan, another dark horse, which defeated the New York Yacht Club's Priscilla and then went on to outsail the English challenger Genesta.

Mr. Paine seems to have inherited the type of mind which yachtsmen must have in an emergency like the present one. He is not only the owner but also the designer of the Gypsy.

Seawanhaka entered the trials with



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THIS

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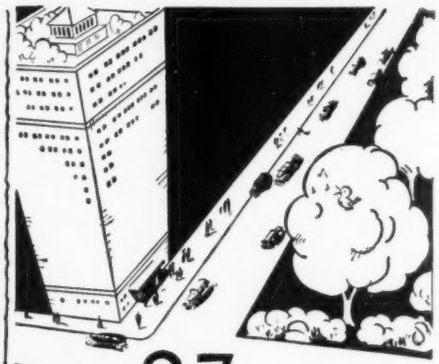
two boats from designs by Clinton H. Crane, with two designed by Charles D. Mower, and with one by Sherman Hoyt. They were eliminated one by one, until the choice narrowed down again between a Paine boat and a Priscilla, this time the Priscilla III, owned by Johnston de Forest. Mr. Paine didn't even go to the trouble of digging up a good Long Island Sound skipper. He sent young Ray Hunt from Marblehead to take the Gypsy's tiller. Hunt had one of the best crews of sail-handlers on the Sound, and he was pretty good himself. A selection committee that inclined sentimentally toward the Oyster Bay entries simply had to acknowledge the Gypsy's superiority—even though it took four consecutive days of racing to establish the fact.

When General Paine put forward his Puritan she was not very highly thought of in these parts. New York yachtsmen of the eighties referred to her slightingly as "the bean boat." She had to defeat the Priscilla by wide margins before the term was withdrawn. Now comes another Paine with another bean boat, and if the combination is good enough to withstand the Scottish challenge, Boston and contiguous parts of the United States will have reason for satisfaction.

LIPTON can hardly afford to ignore the Gypsy-Caryl engagement. The same Mr. Paine whose eight-metre is defending our claim to small-boat supremacy has been commissioned to design an America's Cup defender for a syndicate of Bostonians headed by John S. Lawrence. At present the defence of the America's Cup is wide open. We have plenty of willing designers, but there is no Herreshoff with first call on the assignment. The New York Yacht Club has formed two syndicates, selecting Clinton Crane to design one defender and Starling Burgess to design another.

IN all the excitement over the Seawanhaka Cup races, not much thought is given to the fact that this trophy came into existence in the darkest days of the America's Cup history. What is still ominously referred to as the "Dunraven incident" was a very young and tender subject when the Seawanhaka Corinthian yachtsmen got together and established an international prize for small boats, the emphasis being placed on the word "small." Specifically, the cup was offered for international races between yachts of not less



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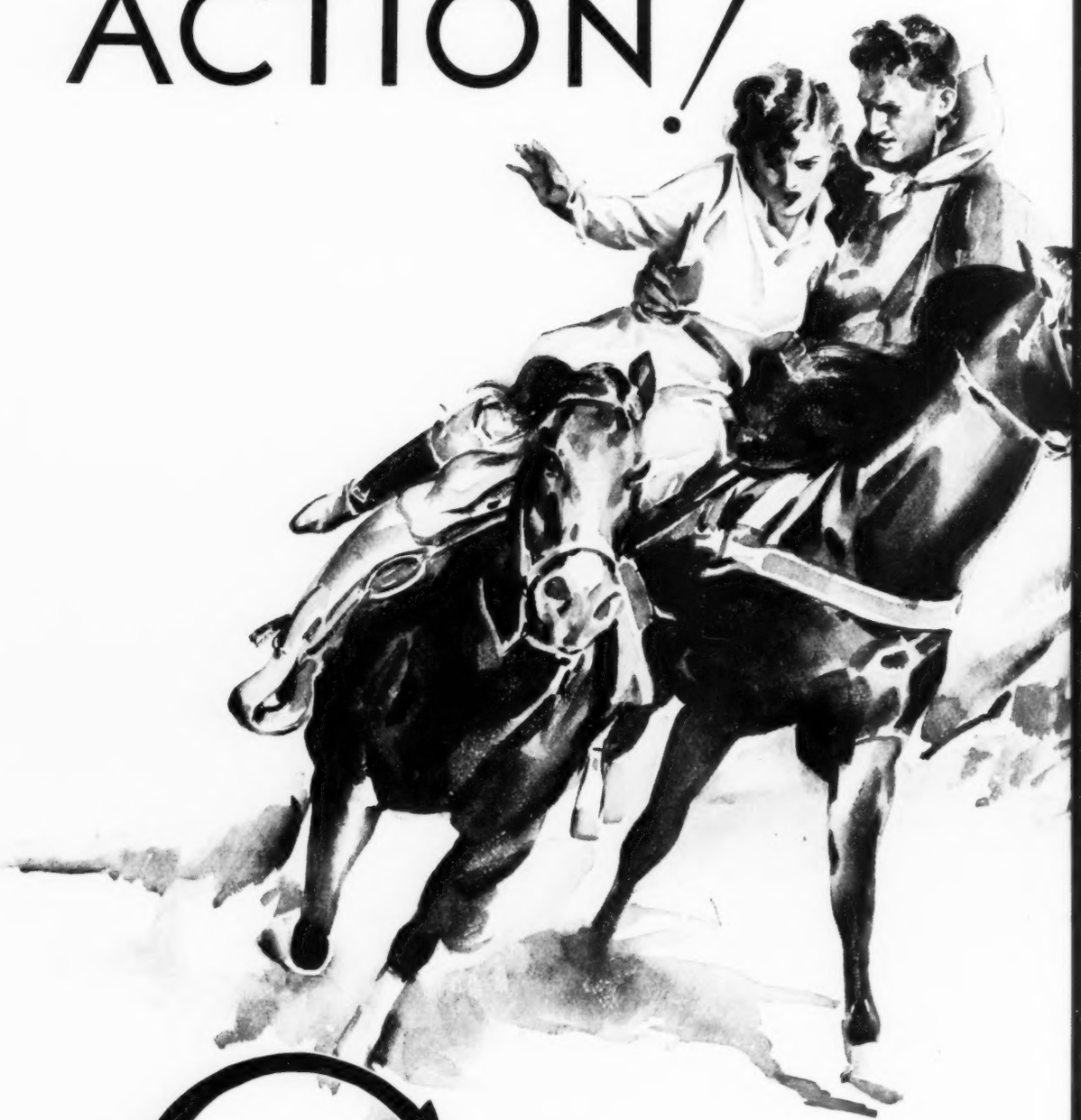

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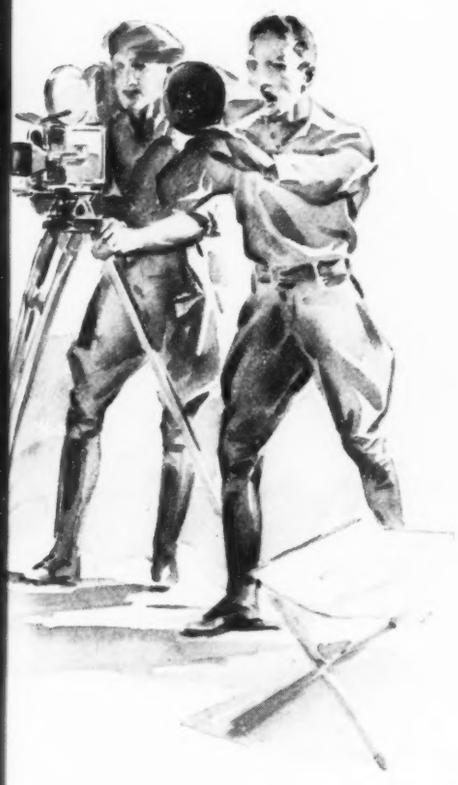

FAIR WORDS butter no parsnips . . . what smokers want in a cigarette is TASTE.

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TASTE *above everything*

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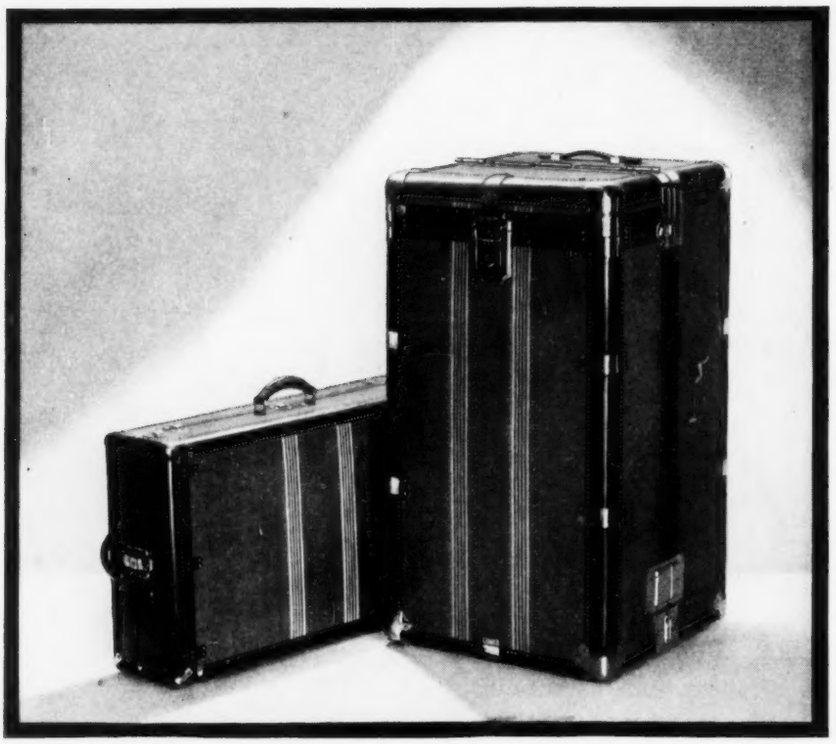
...only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD... and yet
THEY SATISFY



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HARTMANN TRUNKS
FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

than fifteen-foot nor more than twenty-five-foot rating. In the thirty-odd years of its existence the Seawanhaka Cup has spent more time in foreign countries than in America. Canada, England, and Norway have all had possession of it. Now that it is back home every small-boat sailor wants to keep it here.

The amusing point is that technically the eight-metre boats are too big to qualify for the Seawanhaka Cup. In recent years the racing for the cup has been done in six-metre boats, small enough to qualify. The eights, however, exceed the original limit. What this lifting of the embargo will lead to nobody knows. It would seem to raise the question: When is a small boat small?

DURING his present stay Sir Thomas Lipton expects to make Newport a port of call. He is smart in doing that. When the New York Yacht Club turned down Sandy Hook as the scene of the next America's Cup encounter, the selection of Newport was certain. According to the New York Yacht Club there is only one major yacht-race course on the entire Atlantic Coast—Newport. The club's annual races for the Astor and the King's Cups are held there, and in accordance with the terms of the Deed of Gift, under which the club holds the America's Cup, the Newport course is "free from headlands." There is nothing strange about the choice of Newport for next year's races except that Lipton has never been there. In the interest of preparedness he is going there now. Doubtless he will confer with more than one shellback of the vicinity, who will tell him about the tides that set in off Narragansett Beach, and about the help they give a sailing boat in almost any kind of a race.

ANOTHER development which may give Lipton concern is the Istalena. He probably will have a look at all the new Class M sloops, but the Istalena seems to deserve a second glance. Her early-season showing was miserable. Suddenly she came to life. She was the most consistent winner of her class during the New York Yacht Club cruise, while no less a conqueror than Floyd Carlisle's Avatar developed a habit of trailing the fleet home. Never before have racing yachts reversed their early-season showing like these two. When such things can happen it is hardly worth while trying to be an expert.

—BINNACLE

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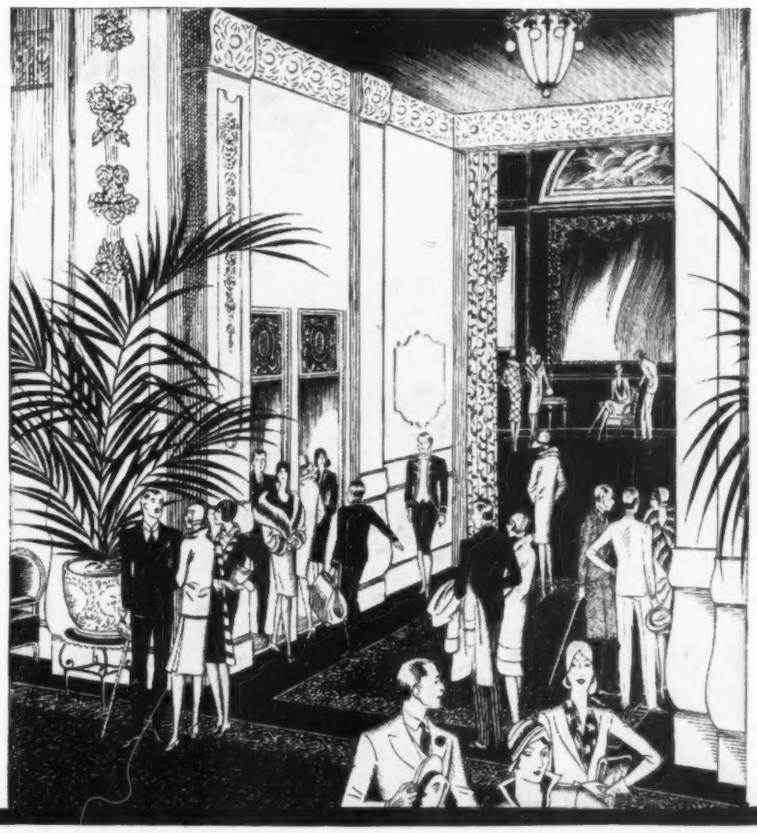

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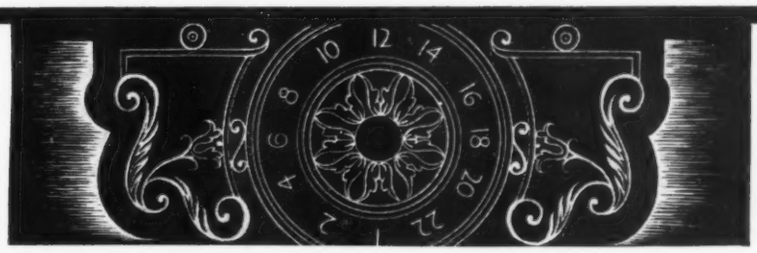

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THE RAC

Belmont Park Attrac
Back—Goose Egg

WELL, here we are, settled down for the autumn racing season. Not settled down, really, for time passes so quickly that it will seem as though we've been at Belmont Park only a day or two before we'll be going to Aqueduct and Jamaica. Probably Joe Widener has picked up some more ideas for improvements at his course as a result of his visit to the French and English tracks, but I'm sure we'd all much rather he could wangle a few more days from the State Racing Commission for his autumn meeting.

There is plenty of good racing at Belmont Park this weekend: the Brook Steeplechase Handicap, at about two miles; the Champagne Stakes, for two-year-olds, at about seven furlongs—another preliminary to the Futurity a week hence; and the Lawrence Realization, for three-year-olds, at one mile and five furlongs—our St. Léger. The Realization will not, from one cause or another, take so much winning this year, but I confess I am rather at sea for a choice. Among the probables I am most attracted by Walter Salmon's Preakness winner, Dr. Freeland, and Mrs. H. C. Phipps' Hard Tack. R. T. Wilson's African, running mate of Dr. Freeland, is a weak reed even though he did run second to Blue Larkspur in the Belmont Stakes last June; incidentally, it is his only claim to fame. Harry Payne Whitney's Beacon Hill is too uncertain, and though he won the Travers, I'm sure the Realization is quite beyond his powers.

IT was a pleasure to see High Strung come back to the races at the close of Saratoga. He did not strip for his event as well as I expected, being a trifle drawn, but he had all the speed that marked his racing last year. George Odom is to be congratulated, for the son of High Time and Emotion ran the fastest six furlongs of the meeting.

High Strung lives up to his name, too. McAtee, who has ridden him in all of his races, tells me the colt was not always so temperamental. "He got like that after he won the Futurity," he said. "I'll bet he knew he won that race, for ever since he's been a

RACK

Attra… High Strung Comes
Egg … aday—No Clocking

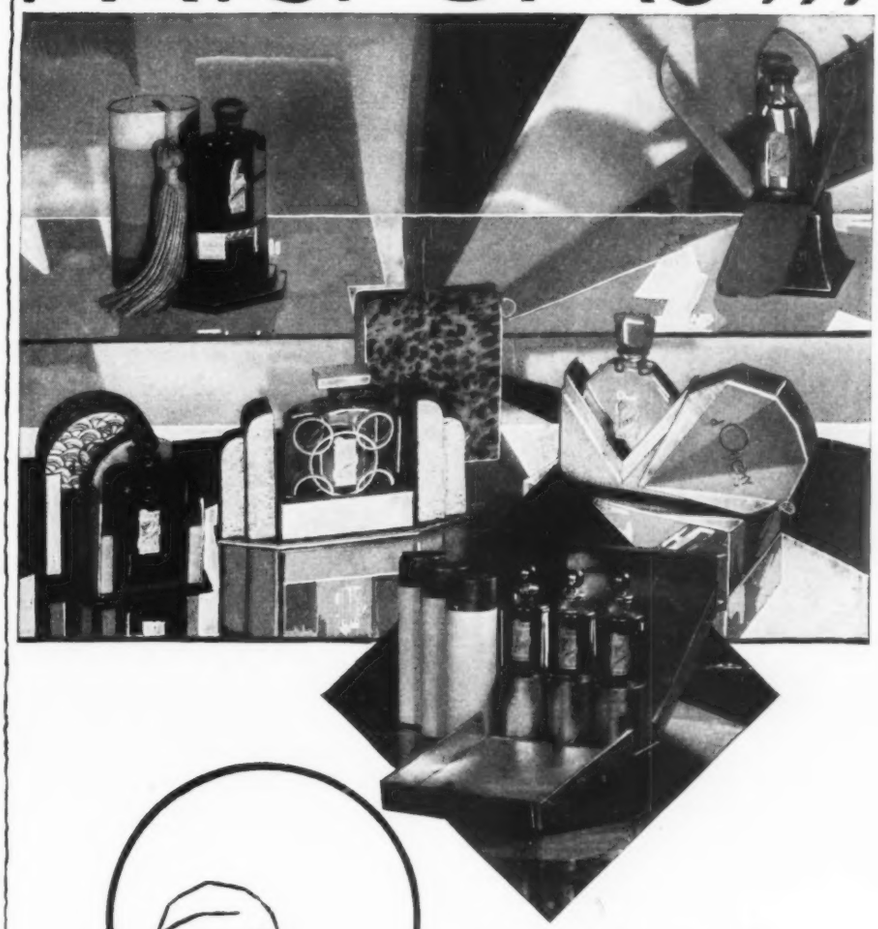
terror at the post. Remember he broke a horse's jaw in the Pimlico Futurity? Now he just acts as though he wants to scare every horse to death. Winning that Futurity sure spoiled his temper."

IN the course of a racing season there are nearly as many high-priced disappointments as there are ugly-duckling yearlings that turn into swan two-year-olds. The tosh one hears of the lady owner, or kindly colonel, who picks a young horse because of the look of eagles in his eyes and trains him to win classics goes well in popular fiction but not on the racecourse. The Greentree Stable's Goose Egg is top of the list of the two-year-old fillies, but last fall such good judges as Louis Beard and Tommy Murphy did not consider her worth nominating for any of the major stakes. This spring Murphy told me she might train on to win a race or two. At Saratoga last month he and Mrs. Payne Whitney were agreeably surprised, for Goose Egg won four races in succession, including the Spinaway and the Lady Owners' Handicap. In her last start she carried 124 pounds, giving six to Mrs. Vanderbilt's Sarazen II, and pegged him around at the furlong pole to win by a length. Now Goose Egg will be rested until the Maryland meeting, the Pimlico Futurity being her objective.

EVERY year thoroughbreds come out of the West with impressive records only to find that our tracks are not to their liking or that our horses run too fast for them—though Mrs. John Hertz's Anita Peabody was an exception. There was Galaday. She had won each of her two starts at Chicago by ten lengths in a canter, and Robert S. Clark had refused $40,000 for her. In her first start at Saratoga, Kentuckians who seldom accept odds-on backed her against Pansy Walker with a confidence that was amazing. I must confess she is the best-looking two-year-old of her sex I have seen this year, but Pansy Walker led all the way. I'm told some of the backers left that evening for home and the Blue Grass.

I FEAR that the crown of King of the Milers is slipping a bit over Osmand's ears. He was beaten again in the Delaware Handicap by E. R.

PARFUMS...



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Bradley's Buddy Bauer, though he fought with his usual gameness for more than seven furlongs. Six furlongs over the Widener Course will be more to his liking.

ONE of the inflexible rules at John E. Madden's Hamburg Place is that there may be only one split-second watch at the farm during the training season, and that one is carried by the owner. One morning last spring he noticed one of his exercise boys clocking the horses on the private track. "Chuck! Chuck," Madden yelled to his foreman, "he's got a watch! He's got a watch! Pay him off and get him off the place!" Chuck did. Hands were hard to find, however, and after a few weeks the boy got his job back. A few mornings later Madden saw him again with a watch in his hand; this time it was an Ingersoll. "Chuck," he yelled, "he's got a watch again! Give him a dollar and take it away. All he needs here is an alarm clock."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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Unnumbered peccadilloes, petty vanities;
With calm judicial clarity projecting
Unbiased judgment of the Fair's inanities.
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It notes unerringly the faults of Beauty;
No higher court reverses the decision
Of this dread magistrate, whose zeal for duty
No bribe may sway, no threat may force to alter.
How loyal, too, its trust! Complete discretion
Governs its use of evidence embarrassing;
No chaplain, guarding well a rogue's confession,
In closer silence harbored secrets harassing!
Small wonder bigots once consigned to Hades
The only thing that really knew the ladies!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

It takes one hour to cook and serve six people.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

One hour, and a lot of explaining.

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To prolong your own youth indefinitely, you have only to do what so many other women have already done successfully. As soon as Nature begins to let down ever so little, let Science take up the work of creating youth. The woman who doesn't look five or ten years younger than she is today, has only herself to blame.

Watch for the first signs of age. Before you have a single gray hair, before your figure takes on a single matronly curve, age creeps into the flesh near the eyes, around the mouth, along the throat. Now begin this simple, youth-prolonging treatment.

Following the most modern scientific principles, Barbara Gould has created a brief, efficient line of four basic creams—a cream for each age, each with a definite purpose.

In your teens (and all through life) Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream. This perfect cream cleans as no other cream, soap, or lotion can. Its light, pure, penetrating oils enter the smallest pores, and float to the surface the finest particles of dirt.

In your twenties, the Cleansing Cream *and* the new Barbara Gould *Finishing Cream.* Here is a perfect Finishing Cream—made with a lotion base. It cannot clog the pores, dry the skin nor reappear through the powder in a shiny, sticky glaze. It gives a flower-like finish to the skin and forms a perfect base for powder.

In your thirties, the Cleansing Cream, the Finishing Cream, *and* the Barbara Gould *Tissue Cream.* A complexion that is losing lustre, a tiny crow's foot near the eyes—and the Tissue Cream must be used—nightly, for half a minute before retiring. It nourishes tissues and muscles, restoring each day's loss of vitality.

In your forties, the Cleansing Cream, the Finishing Cream, the Tissue Cream, *and* Barbara Gould *Astringent Cream.* A cream to *repair* whatever ravages time has wrought. It decreases the size of the pores and aids in firming flabby tissues and sagging muscles.

Nothing vague or confusing about the purposes of these four basic creams. Each one goes single-mindedly about its business of achieving a single, definite goal.

You yourself may work the modern miracle of prolonged youth. Select the creams most needed at your age and try them for one week. In that time you will become a convert to the Barbara Gould system. All creams $1.00 each.

Presentation Set FREE—

So that you may test the Barbara Gould Creams thoroughly, a set will be given *free* to anyone sending in the accompanying coupon. Simply fill in name and address and mail to Barbara Gould, Ltd., 392 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Barbara Gould

BARBARA GOULD, Ltd., 1104 NY
392 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, *free,* a Presentation Set of Barbara Gould's Creams.

Name .....

Address .....

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THAT subdued roar of activity which you have noticed in the general vicinity of Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street is nothing more or less than the cheery shouts and jeers of the manufacturers, who are working overtime to copy recently arrived Paris models. They have become so adept, in fact, that when you read this, you will be able to buy exact or improved copies of Paris models that hadn't even arrived on the boats at the time I made the rounds. Ah, progress, progress!

CHANEL being the special pet of Best, it is but natural that this establishment again concentrates on her new versions of youthfulness rampant. Here the particular emphasis is on the novelty jerseys dear to the heart of Chanel the Great—broad striped ones, nubbly ones, crocheted ones, tweedy ones—the new models so cleverly varied that it is impossible to tell, until you inspect them closely, that they are jerseys at all. One little dress is already in stock—a sleeveless jersey, with horizontal inch-stripes in various tones of the same color, having a gored skirt, little flat bows down the front, and a shoulder cape that covers the shoulders and is short in front. Best will also have lots of small Chanel jacket suits in jerseys and tweeds, often showing peplums below an indication of the normal waistline in the jacket; the skirts are gored, pleated, godeted, or seamed, and come a bit longer than formerly. White satin blouses often accompany these, and I am assured that they look very chic, though my whole sense of the fitness of things revolts against a combination of sports fabrics and satin at any time by any designer.

Among the evening dresses, Best will have this year's Chanel No. 5—a veritable Mae West gown in black tulle with a straight-across décolletage, and shoulder-straps that go over the tops of the shoulders in Chanel's newest manner. This outlines the body to a point below the hips, where flaring sets in; and there is a bow in back, no less. You could almost do your hair in a fringe and go to a costume ball in this gown.

Everyone in town is apparently bursting out with lapin for both jackets and longish coats. They all will inform you that this is pretty impractical, though supposedly it will look smart for one full season, and it has the advantage, in its light-beige coloring, of being a suitable evening wrap as well as a sports coat for young things. Best is showing a dandy one of the natural undyed lapin—a long coat with a dou-

"Yeah, he got a Narcissus complex and had himself transferred to the mirror department."

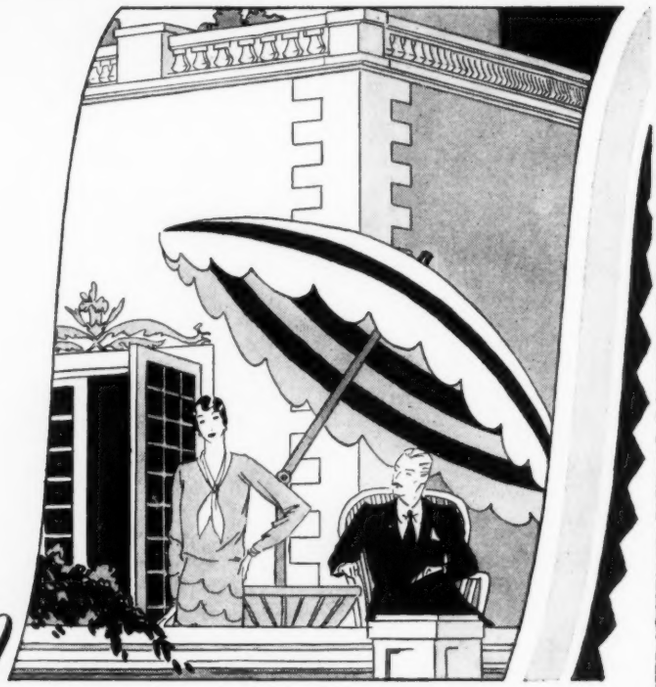
THE hegira is over . . . back to town come the vacationing women folk . . . back to houses barren in their passe summer dust covers. Thoughts turn to getting ready for winter . . . buying new rugs for old, new furniture for time-worn pieces. Fortunately . . . W. & J. Sloane offer a real haven . . . their standards are unquestioned and their prices surprisingly reasonable. Some have yet to learn that a high class reputation does not necessarily mean high prices.

If you happen to be one of these . . . pay W. & J. Sloane a visit whether you intend to purchase or not. Your own decision then settles tnis matter.

W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street

NEW YORK CITY



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MURIEL PARKER

BRIDGE STUDIOS

Ladies and gentlemen are cordially invited to join the afternoon tea bridges or evening games of auction or contract bridge. Also studios for private or class instruction in auction or contract.

157 West 57th St. Circle 5813

ble-scarf collar, for $150. And, before the tan on your legs fades away, you might look at a barefoot evening sandal here: of moire to be dyed to match your gown, piped with kid, and costing $18.50.

STEWART shows a number of enchanting lightweight dresses and jacket suits of tweed for the early autumn. Prominent among them is a Lecomte dress (marvellous in black tweed) with a square neck, tucks that indicate—among other things—a bolero effect at the normal waistline, and inverted pleats that give fullness to a longish skirt. Ideal for business and shopping, and practical though chic for all-day wear. The cost, $39.50, should cause it to be taken up in a Big Way. Then there is a grand London Trades dress of a small-patterned tweed, fitted all in through the waist in the princesse fashion, and having a skirt that is circular without resorting to godets. A detachable shoulder cape with a silk piqué collar completes it. While you are here, look at some suits of the new dark, brilliant green tweeds. One has a short jacket with a lavish snow leopard collar of plain dark tweed, belted at the front only, and fitted in at the back. The skirt and trimmings are of a lighter, small-patterned tweed that harmonizes perfectly. Patou offers another similar suit with a lynx collar, a tuck-in blouse, and a skirt with a double belt—one belt being at the hips in the old way and the other around the normal waistline.

Women who doubt that the new lines can be adapted to the mature figure should ask to see some of the evening gowns already on display here. Look at a dress of white satin, with two circular tiers below the lowish peplum (the peplum starts outward abruptly and its exaggeration hides the actual curve of your hips). The dress trails on the floor in back and is exceptionally gracious. Look at a model of filmy dark-red lace, caught in slightly at the normal waistline (they almost all do this), and discreetly refraining from bursting into soft fullness and length until a point just below the hips. Make a point of seeing a satin Vionnet that has every line diagonal, is long at the sides and back, and molds the figure just enough to flatter it. And do look at the lamés.

WHILE other designers are worrying about their molding, their lengths, and all the rest, Louiseboulanger, who was fairly instrumental in

the inner circle

● What is this lady doing?
She is reading her September number of Harper's Bazar.

● Who is this lady?
She is a member of the Inner Circle

● What is the Inner Circle?
It is an impressive and exclusive group of people like this lady who are leaders, socially and financially.

● What does she do?
She dresses well, goes about socially, manages several homes with ease, drives luxurious cars, travels when she wishes, and spends a great deal of money.

● Why does she read Harper's Bazar?
Because it brings her fashion news of the things she buys, uses, wears and rides in, and suggests smart places to go to, and novel things to do.

● Why is the Inner Circle important?
Because fashion ideas in clothes and furniture and motors and resorts, and all the other appurtenances of modern life, spread from the Inner Circle to the outer circles.

● But the outer circles are larger.
Yes, because ten or a hundred women may follow the fashion ideas sponsored by this Inner Circle lady because of her personal prestige. The beautiful, fashionable advertisements you see in Harper's Bazar in such profusion, demonstrate the confidence of those who have fashion to sell, in the strategic position of the magazine of the Inner Circle . . . .

The September issue is now in the hands of the Inner Circle, and of your newsdealer.

HARPER'S BAZAR

LUCIEN LELONG

PARFUMS

PARIS

LUCIEN LELONG

The woman who has not yet "found" her perfume has not experienced my parfums A, B, C and N . . . Intimate fragrances expressive of personality . . . Delicate implications of one's variable mood. Do try them! At the smarter shops and department stores.—L. L.

bringing skirts way down for evening wear, is calmly going off on her own tack as usual. She tends to make very long tunics, some of them a trifle fitted-in at the waistline, with fullness occurring in the skirt. I have already seen several marvellous evening gowns like this. One, at Lord & Taylor, is made of black chiffon printed with huge carnations, and having parallel metal threads, a quarter of an inch apart, running across. In front there is a high neckline with a soft scarf thrown over the base of the throat; in the back, the décolletage is deep and square, and the skirt-line dips to the rear, not with gathered poufs in the 1928 manner, but in straight trailing pieces as Louiseboulanger likes to do them now.

I AM glad that lamés are with us again. All types are drifting in. There are lots of printed chiffons with bits of metal embroidery upon them, and there is that material I have just described—printed sheer crêpe with metal threads overlaying it—light and easy to handle and flattering to the figure, but giving an effect of body and splendor. What more could any woman ask? Cheney is showing some fine examples of this which will undoubtedly appear in superbly expensive evening gowns a little later.

THE custom-made department at McCreery is showing lots of new hats—and Heaven knows, hats are impossible to describe or visualize unless you actually see them on, but I will try. These give the distinguished and dashing-looking older woman a real fling for the first time in years. And piquant little women should look at some from Mado—one, a little round skullcap, has breitschwanz forming the top and two little devil's-ears that stick up slightly at the sides of the top toward the back. Another, of felt, has triangular pieces of the felt forming a futuristic nimbus. You can be as hussy as you like in a felt Lewis hat with red pompoms nestling below the ear on one side; and you can be daring and striking in a felt hat from Valois with a red, yellow, and black feather ornament starting just over one eyebrow and continuing downward and outward over the slight flare at the side. You have to be awfully aristocratic to wear this. Mado offers another daring model which starts out to be a simple felt cloche. In the back, however, breitschwanz appears, comes down the back of the crown,

"Oh, I'm so sorry—I meant to tell you the house party wouldn't be fancy dress!" said Mrs. Newport Fitzdoodle. Even at that, thought the embarrassed Xerxes Q. Peterkin, he might have carried it off in the right hat.

* * * *

If he had only visited one of these Knox stores first:

452 *Fifth Avenue* (at 40th)
161 *Broadway* (Singer Building)
711 *Fifth Avenue* (at 55th)
Roosevelt Hotel (Madison at 45th)
Paramount Building (Broadway at 44th)

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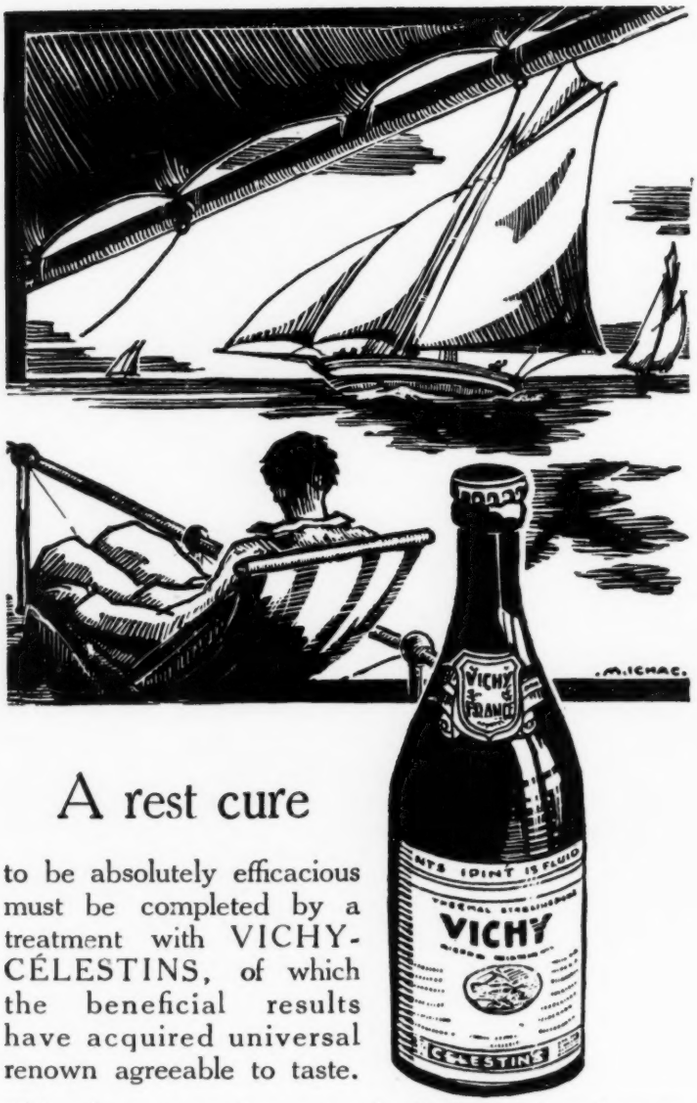


A rest cure

to be absolutely efficacious must be completed by a treatment with VICHY-CÉLESTINS, of which the beneficial results have acquired universal renown agreeable to taste.

This pleasant tasting natural alkaline mineral water possesses rare curative properties. Recommanded by physicians for table use and toning up the digestive system. Served by clubs, hotels and restaurants. Sold by your druggist and grocer.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO
27th Street and Hudson River, New-York
General Distributors for the United States

disappears under the felt brim at the sides, and forms two earlaps. Cute little things should try the Agnès baby bonnet—low on the sides, turned up in back, and having a Quaker brim in front to reveal most of the forehead. Walton, also thinking of the distinguished older woman, does things with black felt that suggest the tricorne but are not as trying—a point on one side, a rolling and tucking-up over the eyebrow, and a general air of elegance.

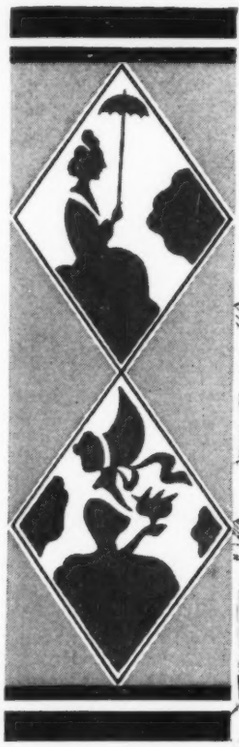
ALL of you already know that white goes beautifully with a sunburn, and that pastel shades, particularly pale blues, also accentuate it to the utmost. It is for those who have fixed upon this same pale blue for evening that this paragraph particularly applies. Marcus has some fine moonstones that represent the collection of an Indian connoisseur who spent twenty years accumulating them. They have been exquisitely mounted in white or green gold in the form of rings, bracelets, necklaces, brooches, and scarf pins, and their steel-blue coloring offers endless possibilities for ensemble effects. The prices are comprehensive; but, whether you buy or not, the collection is worth seeing. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Economy in the Discard
—Salubra and Tekko—
Rooms with Harmonies

CONTEMPORA'S Harmonized-Rooms Exhibit is still filling all the nice little alcoves up at the Art Center, and idle drifters now straggling back from the country are urged to go look. The rooms won't be kept on view after September 15.

Not that I consider the exhibit, taken as a whole, such a world-beating experiment. The idea was sound: to present a series of salable, moderately priced modern rooms with individual decorative schemes created as an ensemble—each piece done in direct relation to everything else, and all centred about a single focal point. Only the chosen focal points—in almost every case a fabric wall-panel by Rockwell Kent—didn't seem terribly successful to me; and somewhere along the line economy was tossed overboard and abandoned. Like every modern room presented to date, with the excep-



Our more modern misses have no patience with the old-fashioned notions. Glyco-Thymoline Soap keeps their skin fresh and fair.

The girl of grandmother's day hid her charms beneath poke bonnet and parasol.

Keeps winning hands *soft and lovely —*

OUR charming and fastidious modern hostesses have winning hands, delicate and velvety smooth. It is a delight to watch them at a bridge or tea table. Beauty treatments? Oh my, no — Glyco-Thymoline Toilet Soap is their "beauty secret."

Have you tried Glyco-Thymoline Soap? Its rich abundance of creamy lather cleanses so gently, so quickly and leaves the skin gloriously soft and smooth. The subtle fragrance lends an air of quiet elegance to the most simple toilette.

Your druggist has Glyco-Thymoline Toilet Soap — single cakes 25¢ but better yet the three cake package container 75¢.

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GLYCO
THYMOLINE
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TOILET SOAP

SEND FOR TRIAL CAKE

You can best appreciate the quality of Glyco-Thymoline Soap by trying it. Send 4c to cover mailing and we will supply a liberal sample.

TOUGH!

A MAN with a tough beard discovered by accident that Hinds Cream will do wonders in softening his beard before lathering. He told his friends, and—among them—ourselves.

We are telling the world and a lot of men (whether their beards are tough or not) are now using Hinds Cream every morning.

Better try it. Just rub in Hinds Cream—plenty of it. Then while it is still moist, lather right over it. Simple as A B C. And a little more after shaving leaves your skin like velvet.

Use the family bottle—or send the coupon below.

HINDS CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Before and After Shaving

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Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. I want a smooth, quick shave.

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Name .....

Address .....

This coupon not good after October, 1930
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8
(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

tion of a few at the American Designers' Gallery, the Contempora harmonies are frankly pretty costly. But that needn't keep everybody from going up to collect a new idea or two.

THE ART CENTER is at 65 East Fifty-sixth Street. If you take the elevator to the third floor and work downward, you'll see everything you should in nice, logical order, with the least possible effort. This method brings you first to a big room full of wall-covering exhibits and lighting fixtures; and when you have seen these you'll know why I am so insistent about your going. The wallpapers are simply elegant—modern designs of the first water, and all of them fadeless and washable. There is a group labelled Salubra and another called Tekko. The Salubra things look like any paper, except that in general the patterns are better. (Note: Among them is a plain silver that looks a lot more like silver leaf than any of the metallic oilcloths I have seen, and is practically as durable.) A few terrible ones are mixed in, of course, but that's to be expected. Prices run from $2.70 a roll to $6, and have a few inches of extra width. The Tekko designs are a good bit more expensive, starting at $10; but they are not the sort of thing you'd want to use all over a wall, anyway. The designs are really panel stuff—lots of metallic effects, and one divine blue, with vines and an occasional leaping gazelle in duller blue and silvery gold, which looks exactly like a lustrous brocaded satin. This pattern is also done in mauve. It's hard to believe you can actually scrub these things with soap and water. The complete line can be looked through at Frederic Blank & Company, in the New York Central Building.

The lighting fixtures are in the same room. You'll like them.

ON the two lower floors are lots of ceramics by Vally Wieselthier, and the harmonized rooms—three by Bruno Paul, my favorite German decorator; three by Lucien Bernhardt, and one apiece by Rockwell Kent and the incorrigible Paul Poiret.

I am doggedly loyal to Bruno Paul,

7 ROOMS

that are the best values in New York — considering location and plan — priced at moderate rentals

from

$4,200

Also

6 ROOMS *from* $3800
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2 ROOMS *from* $1850

**Plus dining alcove*

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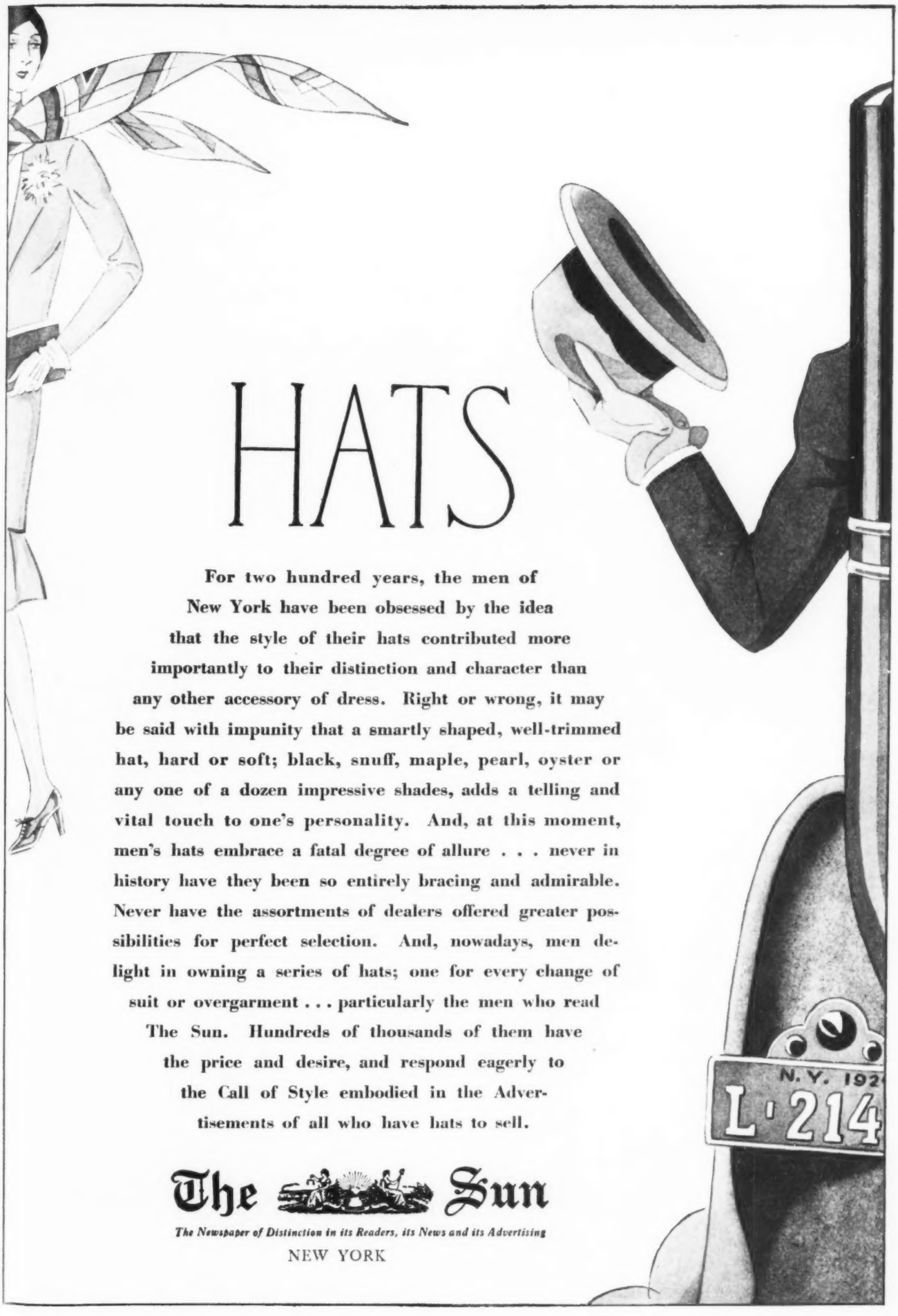

HATS

For two hundred years, the men of New York have been obsessed by the idea that the style of their hats contributed more importantly to their distinction and character than any other accessory of dress. Right or wrong, it may be said with impunity that a smartly shaped, well-trimmed hat, hard or soft; black, snuff, maple, pearl, oyster or any one of a dozen impressive shades, adds a telling and vital touch to one's personality. And, at this moment, men's hats embrace a fatal degree of allure . . . never in history have they been so entirely bracing and admirable. Never have the assortments of dealers offered greater possibilities for perfect selection. And, nowadays, men delight in owning a series of hats; one for every change of suit or overgarment . . . particularly the men who read The Sun. Hundreds of thousands of them have the price and desire, and respond eagerly to the Call of Style embodied in the Advertisements of all who have hats to sell.

The Sun

The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising

NEW YORK

Play British Seaside Courses . . . *in America!*

The smart coach-and-four! That, and the crimson-coated livery symbolic of horses and hounds, are preserved with their traditional English charm . . . in this new Riviera of the North.

WHEN the heat and monotony of inland courses sap your golf game of its zip, come to cool, beautiful Montauk Beach on Long Island's slender tip . . . 125 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean! Two magnificent 18-hole links with soil, turf, topography and setting identical with Britain's famous championship seaside courses. See the sea from every tee . . . and plunge into the pure, sparkling, energizing surf as a cool climax to the last pitch and putt. That, sir, is golf . . . *ne plus ultra!*

Supplement this with . . . 30 miles of bridle paths on heathered downs . . . 1,600 feet of broad boardwalk . . . world's largest glass-enclosed tennis auditorium . . . polo . . . a charming casino . . . a million-dollar yacht basin and club house . . . the finest surf and offshore angling for striped bass, tuna, broadbill swordfish and gamy bluefish . . . the island supper club . . . and the unsurpassed cuisine and divertissements of picturesque Montauk Manor . . . and that, sir, is the ultimate in summer allurements. The ideal spot for a summer home! Easily reached by de luxe trains from New York, by motor or by Long Island Sound ferries. Make reservations at Montauk Manor now or write for illustrated literature.

Montauk Beach Development Corporation, Montauk, Long Island. New York Office, 450 East 52nd Street, Telephone Plaza 0783.

montauk beach

ON LONG ISLAND'S SLENDER TIP

and so I charge you to think of his decorative schemes as spread out over an area about four times the size of the alcoves in which they are shown at present. You can't do a Bruno Paul room successfully without a lot of space.

I suppose Mr. Bernhardt's rooms are all well enough if you don't mind the Rockwell Kent panels. Mr. Kent's otherwise excellent work doesn't seem to me the thing around which to build a room. One large panel in particular, showing a poor, horrible creature clinging in terror to a little tossing boat lost in a sweep of grim, relentless sea, appeared to me a bit unsuitable in theme for a focal point. Mr. Kent's own room—a bedroom—has the most pleasing panel of the lot; it is really the only one in the show I could live with.

And in M. Poiret's room, which is also a bedroom, there is a chromium torchère that could give some of our lamp manufacturers a point or two if they happen to be looking for any new designs.

FINAL POINT: Those fabrics draped appealingly about here and there through the halls must not be missed. For the most part they are sheer, patterned cottons and rayon developments. I'd give the mythical palm to these, the lighting fixtures, and those gorgeous wallpapers. —B. B.

•

FOR STAY-AT-HOMES

"You climbed an Alp?
Alas, you might
Have better scaled
A Dolomite!"
"To think you wasted
On Milan
The time you could
Have spent in Cannes!"
"You say you gave
The Rhine a week?
The Danube's
About twice as chic!"

Such an exchange
Makes one resigned
To have lingered
Tranquilly behind.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Burnet (Tex.) Bulletin*]

Dr. Smith has added a beautiful piece of machinery to his dental instruments in the shape of a drill, that is both a time and pain saver.

"..... I'M NOBODY'S LANDLUBBER"

"DAN called up last night. Wanted to drive down to the Hamptons and promised to show me some speed in his new car. Ee-magine, showing ME *speed*. Traffic-jams may be fine for those who like them, but I'm nobody's landlubber."

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Roosevelt Field, Mineola, L. I.
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FLYING CORPORATION
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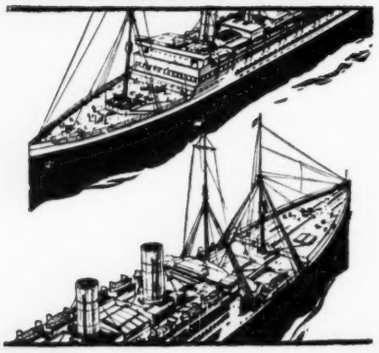

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Which will you take? S. S. Empress of Scotland, Feb. 3, ... S. S. Empress of France, Feb. 13. Both from New York. The usual enchanting ports and many other out-of-the-way spots... Majorca, isle of Chopin's romance with Georges Sand ... carnival Venice ... Dubrovnik and Korto ... Greece, from peasant Corfu to classic Athens... 18 full days in Biblical lands.

All the way ... guided expertly through the myriad thrills of 17 countries ... by Canadian Pacific's one management, ship and shore. As low as $900. Plan now!

Booklets, reservations from your own agent, or

Canadian Pacific

District Office, E. T. Stebbing
344 Madison Ave., at 44th, New York

THE DAILY ROUND

AS summer draws to a close, scores of young men about to begin their business careers will migrate to New York from Bar Harbor, Newport, and Southampton, here to begin their careers in "the old firm" of their fathers, with the fondest hopes and highest wishes of their families and friends. Unequipped with the special technique necessary to establish and maintain the amount of dignity necessary in their new positions, and to give the necessary appearance of constant and arduous activity, their paths will not be easy. It is to meet the special needs of these young men that this monograph has been prepared.

We will not discuss here the obvious, puerile forms of routine occupation. Certain activities can be ignored at the outset, such as drawing mustaches or blue eyes (with a crayon) on photographs in the trade journals, practicing signatures, making rudimentary efforts at caricatures on note pads, and so on. In the better offices, such as these are left for the clerks and office boys. It is for the young man who has equipped himself with a glass-topped desk, French-style telephone, and new stenographer that these hints are offered:

"*The Cryptic Memo*"—The young executive (hereinafter referred to as the Y.E.) calls his secretary and asks for a list of employees. He then chooses a name at random and dictates a memo, in the approved style for such communications (without dictating punctuation) as follows:

MR. MURPHY:

It is naturally to the interest of all of us here to coöperate whenever possible. Working together shoulder to shoulder is what enables us to serve our clients who put their trust in us as we do. Therefore if and whenever an employee however inadvertently seeks to jeopardize this spirit here as has in your case been called to our attention that you have it is to be expected and not surprising that it should be called to his notice. Mr. Murphy we value your services and trust that in no way will this require further reference to again; we want you to be One of Us. . . .

This will bring the hapless Mr. Murphy on the run, and the Y.E. then explains that the memo was meant for the other Murphy—the one in the Credit Department. The first Murphy will warn the second Murphy, who will arrive and ask tremulously what he has done. He should be told that it is all right, the matter won't be taken up again unless it recurs. This brings excitement into dull

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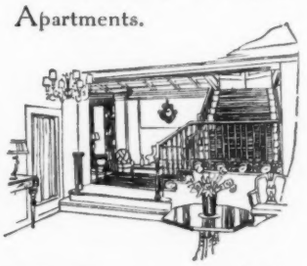

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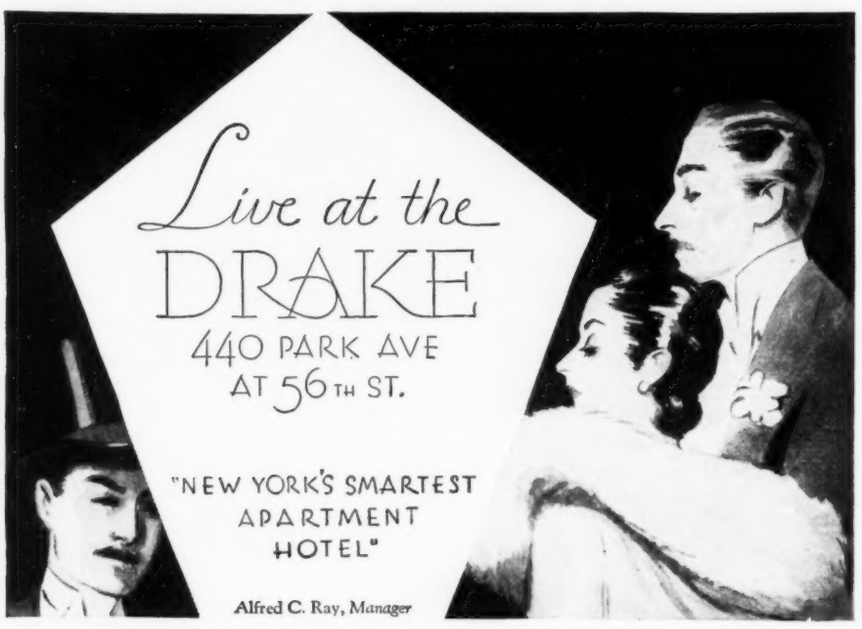

lives, and takes up an hour or more.

"Statistical Reminiscence" — The Y.E. takes up a couple of bond-yield charts, spreads them out on his desk, and pretends to consult them occasionally. On a ruled form he makes a private report—any subject will do. "Number of Girls Kissed in Freshman Year" is a good one; or "List of Most Embarrassing Moments of My Life." It is necessary to have a real business report of some kind on hand in case old R.P. asks him at the country club what the hell he was scribbling at all morning.

"Dummy Phone Calls"—This item leaves much up to the imaginative caprice of the Y.E. He can call up a total stranger and soundly berate him for not having put through that Crude Soft Para acceptance deal; or he may call up someone in another department, develop a thick German accent, and talk about anything at all. This, obviously, is best done when the older men are busiest.

"The Secretarial Eye"—The Y.E. directs a long, hard stare at any adjacent stenographer. When she glances up he gives her a prim, indignant look, as though accusing her of trying to catch his eye. In certain cases he may smile and take her out to lunch. This, however, is not advocated.

"Interviewing Salesmen Who Send in Their Cards"—No description of this is required, and, especially in the case of insurance salesmen, it is equivalent to cheating. Hours can be consumed at it, and the inexperienced Y.E. is likely to find himself ultimately in possession of anything, from Beautifully Illustrated Histories of the World War to Splendid Beach Front Lots.

THIS about completes the list of important key items. There are minor variants (to be used in emergencies only) such as writing out names spelled backwards, getting Rolyat Drofdarb for Bradford Taylor; altering capital letters on forms so that BANKERS ACCEPTANCES becomes BAWKERS AOOEPTAWOES, and so on, ad infinitum.

However, these should be beneath the notice of the really resourceful. The enumerated items can be amplified into a thousand delightful devices for getting the dull day over with. If the Y.E. makes proper use of these hints, he will find, when evening comes, that his mind will be fresh, his energy unsapped, and his heart glad with the knowledge that he has not been idle.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

THE TENNIS COURTS

Ugly Duckling—Lunch at Longwood—Scratch Pairs—Tilden and a Title

THE doubles game is the ugly duckling of American lawn tennis. None of the other clubs seems to care very much whether or not the Longwood Cricket Club has charge of the National Doubles championships forever. Philadelphia and New York are expected to struggle for the National Singles tournament when the United States Lawn Tennis Association holds its next annual meeting, but Boston apparently has no rival who wants the doubles.

To anyone who has attended the championships at Brookline it is difficult to understand why there should be so little bidding for this tournament. Year in and year out it is one of the best shows of the season. There is no tennis more exciting than a fast game of doubles with its smashing give and take at close quarters, its constantly shifting formations, and its continuous jockeying for position. Boston galleries appreciate its fine points; which is not surprising, for all the best teams of the country appear before them every year. They are less interested in personalities than a New York gallery is, and are less given to demonstrations. One would never hear the spectators at Longwood titter at an unorthodox service as they do at Forest Hills. They are more polite, and they are all people who play and know the game. They go to Brookline to see the tennis, and not out of momentary curiosity.

EVERYTHING about this tournament is quiet and orderly. The officials keep well in the background; there is no megaphoning to the stands. Spectators have free run of the grounds to see matches on the courts outside the grandstand enclosure, and camp chairs are provided for them. Forest Hills might well emulate Boston in this respect.

In the clubhouse, players and officials mingle informally, taking tea or playing bridge. At the lunch hour one may help oneself at a buffet or take advantage of the table service, though

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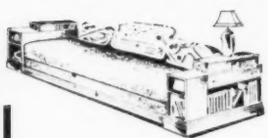

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not every one gets the same service. After being given cold ham and potato salad, E. R. Avory of the Cambridge team plaintively wanted to know how John Doeg rated a plate of hot chicken patties.

IT is commonly acknowledged that a doubles team is not made in a day, that several years of practice together are absolutely necessary. The results of last week's play at Longwood, however, show that this is not always so. On the second day a scratch combination put out J. Gilbert Hall and Fritz Mercur, one of the strongest teams in the tournament; and another pair came within a point of defeating George Lott and John Doeg, who were seeded second. Although they had played as a team on a few occasions two years ago, Junior Coen and Harris Coggeshall, who beat Hall and Mercur, had been together only one week before the championships started. Kenneth Appel and Bradshaw Harrison, who came within a stroke of eliminating Lott and Doeg at Longwood, had never played as a team before they beat the same couple in the Eastern championships at Rye. Philip Neer and Bruce Barnes, who had never seen each other until this season, joined forces at Newport and beat the all-conquering Van Ryn and Allison badly. And when Vincent Richards and Dick Williams won the doubles championship in 1925, they had played together only once or twice before.

However, before the tennis powers, who have been trying hard to persuade the younger players to pick their partners consistently, charge me with heresy, I admit that most teams have reached

SHOUTS AND MURMURS *about*

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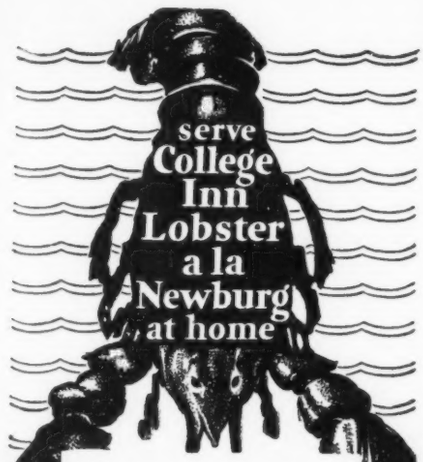

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the top only after years of united effort. There have not been as many successful scratch combinations. Van Ryn and Allison owe their success to their loyalty to each other. This has been the case with the Kinsey brothers, with Maurice McLoughlin and Tom Bundy, with William Johnston and Peck Griffin, and with Tilden and Hunter. Lott and Doeg, good as they are, should make a much better team in another season or two. If they keep up their partnership, they may win the Davis Cup doubles position from Allison and Van Ryn.

THE National Men's Singles tournament gets under way Saturday, September 7, at Forest Hills, and unless the indications of the past three weeks have been misleading, the last day should find Tilden restored to the championship which he lost in 1926. One thing is certain: The title will not be won by a Frenchman, for Cochet, Lacoste, and Borotra are not in the lists. H. W. Austin will be playing for England, and though at his best he is a dangerous man even for Tilden, so far he hasn't played the tennis here that he does at Wimbledon. So there seems little danger of the championship's being carried off to Europe again.

AS the winner of the invitation singles at Newport and the Eastern championships at Rye, Tilden has unquestionably been playing the best tennis in this country, and is the logical favorite to win the National. With the exception of John Hennessey, every ranking player here competed at Newport, and Tilden came through the field to beat Lott in the final. Lott is the one player in the National whom Tilden has to fear. Hunter, Van Ryn, Allison, Doeg, Mercur, Bell, Mangin, and Shields have all been in excellent form, and if they caught Tilden on an off day almost any one of them might upset calculations. I don't believe, however, that Tilden is going to have an off day. He is too eager to get back into the fray. The man who defeats him will have to beat Tilden at his best, and Lott is the only one in the tournament I think capable of rising to such heights. He came fairly close to it at Newport, but he will have to play even better to come as close at Forest Hills. Tilden was never quite so dangerous as when he was fighting to save his title. With his greatest chance of regaining it before him, he will show his opponents little mercy.

—A. D.

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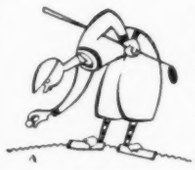

NO National Amateur Championship for years has had as many good players in it as the tournament that began this week at Pebble Beach. A more sectional one than usual, since for the first time the golfers of the West Coast had a chance to get in it without the expense and difficulty of a long trip, it was in a sense a drama of setting—the West against all comers. Next to Jones and Von Elm, the man most heavily backed in private betting was Jack Neville, California amateur champion; Neville might not seem a particularly good risk to most people, but the money bet on him was less a wager than an assertion of local pride. Because of his importance in the eyes of Californians, Neville was paired with Jones in a practice round in which he disappointed his adherents by getting into so much trouble with his second shots that he had to pick up five times.

Jones did not play his first rounds as well as he did when he was getting ready for the Open at Winged Foot, but I think he played more carefully. He feels that although he won the Open his performance was a failure because it involved one bad round; having found it difficult to play out of the fluffy sand, he afterward stated his regret that he had not studied the bunkers more thoroughly. At Pebble Beach, he was less concerned with making a score than with observing the layout; he kept his ball out of the traps but went to look at them just the same, climbing down to study the height of the banks, and weighing the sand in his fingers. Six thousand people walked around with him the first time he went out. Von Elm, who didn't have to study the course, which he has played since he was a schoolboy, took a 75 next day without trying very hard. Von Elm doesn't want to use up his best golf in practice, as he has before the Amateur in other years.

THE National Amateur is not like other tournaments. There is none of the atmosphere of a circus about it that is characteristic of tournaments in which professionals can enter; the pros seem to enjoy themselves more than these fellows who play just for the fun.

REEN

Golfers as Guests—
es against the Field

The spirit of the Amateur Championship is serious, and its background formal. Many of the contestants were staying in the big villas around Del Monte, and some of the people who own these villas had opened them for the single purpose of entertaining the contestants. Entertaining a well-known golfer is not a matter of dinner parties but of meals sent up to his room and a house kept quiet after nine o'clock so that he can sleep. When playing in a tournament Jones takes orange juice for breakfast, and tea and toast for lunch; after he has finished his round he has a shower, takes a nap for an hour, then eats a light dinner, chats for a while, and goes to bed. Few amateurs make particularly scintillating guests.

NEXT to Sweetser, whose personality makes him almost as popular as Jones, the visitor who attracted most interest at Pebble Beach was Cyril Tolley. It's odd to see Tolley the centre of attention again. Ten years ago he was talked about more than any golfer in the world, but most of the time since then he has been out of favor. He came over that summer, after winning the English Amateur, to compete on the Engineers' course at Roslyn with Ouimet, Chick Evans, and Tommy Armour, who was entered as an amateur from Scotland. Tolley failed to qualify. He is a better player now than he was then, and this year has been one of his best; he did better than any other amateur in the English Open, and finished ahead in the Amateur. He still plays, whenever the weather gives him the ghost of a reason, in a tweed jacket with huge pleats on the shoulders; he has grown heavier if anything, and seems the broadest human being I have ever seen. Stories of his long driving have been exaggerated, but on an average he undoubtedly hits the ball as far as anyone.

Once Tolley, disgusted with his golf, took up tennis and entered a tournament under the name of "A. Birdie." At Pebble Beach one of his fellow contestants was Maurice McLoughlin, the tennis player. Maurice McLoughlin, the California Comet! It's hard to believe that there is any need to tell who McLoughlin is. Because he captured my imagination when I was in school, he can still command it

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LEXINGTON NEWS
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as a golfer, even though imagination was all you could use in figuring his chances to become this country's leading unpaid golf player.

AFTER all, when you went over the lineup, McLoughlin seemed almost a reasonable bet. Von Elm, Sweetser, Voigt, Willing, Ouimet, Neville, Moe, Tolley, Storey. Any one of them might come through. You couldn't leave out McHugh, or this fellow Francis Brown from Honolulu, who was being described out West as "the longest driver living." As critics point out every year, an eighteen-hole contest doesn't give Jones much chance to get going. The only reply to that is that though he has played his worst golf in eighteen-hole matches, he has never lost one; the only time he has been beaten in the last five years was by Von Elm over thirty-six holes. There was one sure bet: the National Amateur wouldn't decide anything that hadn't been decided before. Win or lose, Jones was the best golfer in the tournament. —N. B., Jr.

•

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Gilbert Seldes, The Graphic.

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Creighton Peet, The Evening Post.

"The Paris of the Follies-Bergere has nothing on the New York of the National Winter Garden".
Robert Garland, New York Telegram.

"Broadway Managers who complain of the bad business should take a journey down to Houston Street and Second Avenue and watch 'em fight to get in the Minsky Brothers National Winter Garden".
Robert Coleman, The Daily Mirror.

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THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Broadway Sociology

THAT well-remembered farce of Avery Hopwood, his study of predatory ladies, "The Gold Diggers," has been transferred to the screen and expanded with song and dance as "Gold Diggers of Broadway," at the Winter Garden. The picture is not a mere comedy of the tricks and naughtinesses of those unscrupulous young women who inveigle motors, pearls, and such fal-lals out of helpless bankers. It is rather a lavish, fast-moving musical show, all in color and endowed with unusually good songs.

Some thread of the original story winds its way through gala backstage scenes of rehearsals and through extravagantly mounted glimpses of the "Follies," or whatever it may be, in which the ladies of the play are occupied during their more official moments.

Since the tomes of Anita Loos, the general humors of this picture have become very familiar, but the vivacity of the young ladies when entertaining their gentlemen victims gives one a sense of rapidity which is increased considerably by their tendency to break into song. These songs are not only apt but also exceptionally audible.

Ann Pennington does a dance on a supper-table at one time, and Winnie Lightner and Lilyan Tashman do much to make the play plausible as a sociological commentary.

DEALING with the less godlike attributes of the male of the species, two other new pictures provide us with some entertainment. Of these "Woman Trap," at the Paramount, is the better. It is a fairly good, well-handled and not particularly novel underworld sketch. Chester Morris again plays the part of the young gangster, the rum-running shoot-to-kill youngster with a set jaw and eyes that glint. He is the ne'er-do-well younger brother of a policeman who is considered by his colleagues somewhat over-zealous and distinctly over-ambitious. Hal Skelly is this police officer, a part not as sympathetic to him as the hoofer rôle in "The Dance of Life," nor indeed is it a rôle as

"fire and fall back

shoot if you must, this old grey head," said the clever cinema customer, "but spare your change, don't gamble on entertainment, when naturals always turn up

at the rivoli—united artists

where one can whirl thru paramount's "dance of life" snatched out of "burlesque" . . . hal skelly in an old rye waltz with nancy carroll fox-trotting after.

at the rialto

is ronald colman in 'bulldog drummond' ...pull up your socks girls and still your beating hearts for here's a gent that can't be made . . . samuel goldwyn and united artists have done that already... cinematically speaking, of course.

at the criterion

as it was in the beginning, there is now and possibly ever shall be paramount's "four feathers" . . . whirling along on that stiff breeze of public approval . . . come and get it!

at the paramount

for the first time "the lady lies"...there always is a first, you know...paramount's pent-house saga with claudette colbert, walter huston and charles ruggles and pitted against abe lyman and his californians is jesse crawford at the organ.

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TANGEE TAN

appealing to the majority of our social order.

"The Argyle Case," at the Strand, is a mystery with the customary murder in the library, the usual beautiful adopted daughter who had reason to kill her millionaire protector, and the familiar noble detective who finds out the truth and wins love as his reward. The diction is more deliberate and less professional than can be excused any longer. The chief interest in the picture lies in its display of dictaphones, cigars packed tightly with TNT, fingerprints, sliding panels, and the machinations of counterfeiters. There is no real ingenuity in the presentation of any of these glowing and glamorous details of our two-thousand-year-old civilization, yet they can divert for a moment.

Both these pictures advise us that at least for men it is wisest to be law-abiding and highly scrupulous in the journey through life's vale of tears.

—J. C. M.

•

IMPASSE

Roger says that Beauty fades and passes.
He says that life is tragic, and that knowledge
Has not convinced him that he has a spirit:
He read biology last year at college.
He says heredity has been exploded,
And capitalism, socialism, marriage.
He says it takes about three generations
To make the manner sure, the Bourbon carriage.
He says psychology is fascinating;
He says man's greatest need is soul-confession;
And finally: that one has words or children,
Has words or babies: that is self-expression.
So there's no hope, if that be truthful reading,
And Roger's fate more unsolved than another,
Since Roger's one salvation is denied him,
And he's unfitted to become a mother.

—DEARING WARD

•

The Rev. Mr. Brown has been pastor of the Elizabethtown Methodist Church, but is taking a year's leave of absence from the ministry in order to give his time to the Fuller Brush company.—*Columbus (Ind.) Republican.*

God willing.

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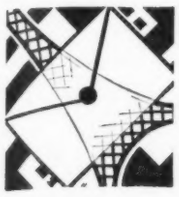
PARIS LETTER

PARIS, AUGUST 28



JUST now the unfortunate female recently found floating in a sack on suburban waters is the leading lady of Paris. Her name was not discovered by the police, but is no longer needed; her sobriquet, "The Woman Cut Into Bits," is nomenclature enough. No murder mystery has aroused so much interest since the last woman was found cut into bits. The Sûreté Générale has in this instance not been equal to the case, which has caused reams of writing and hitherto unheard-of statistics. Though no clues were found, the general investigation brought out hair-raising facts; namely, that 18,000 people disappear in Paris each year, all but 3,000 of them into thin air. In forty years 600,000 mortals, or more than twice the present population of the city of Bordeaux, have vanished. And of the present average of 1,500 lost souls a month—fifty a day, or one every twenty-eight minutes—four out of five are young women. Indeed, 5,000 females, the police grudgingly admit, have been officially reported missing between June and August. "Five thousand daughters of Eve," chuckles *Le Journal's* anti-feminist Clément Vautel, writing, let us hope, with his tongue in his beard, "have, since summer began, evaporated. What perfect proof of the fantasy, the disdain women have for humdrum existence! Novels are written by the bureaucrats of literature; it is the women who live them."

THE bureaucrats of literature are also writing a great deal about crime. Since the war, this subject has increased in popularity not only with French criminals but with readers and writers as well. Details, usually dull, of obscure crimes have been dwelt on by Gide in his monthly contribution to the *N. R. F.* Recently a rotogravure weekly called *Détective* has been launched, featuring homicidal news from all over the world and excellent articles on popular prisons and the leading crime of the day, illustrated with uncensored photographs of the details. Within the last ten years the collecting of books on criminal cases has become thoroughly specialized. According to

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Maurice Reclus, in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, the best of this coveted criminal literature comes from the pens of prominent court officials — witness "L'Affaire des Trois Roués," by Wattine, president of the Tribunal de la Seine; "La Mystérieuse Baronne de Feuchères," by the magistrate André; the eighteen volumes by *Figaro's* court attaché, Albert Bataille; the works of two generations of the family Boutet; and, especially, the recent volume on the so-called prophet Vintras by Maître Maurice Garçon, one of the four leading lawyers of Paris and sole expert on the legal aspects of sorcery and witchcraft, modern or old-fashioned. As long ago as 1923, so law-abiding a print as *Le Temps* published an article on the bibliophilistic joys of crime collecting. The peak today is reached in the collection of the late Pierre Figerou, authority on eighteenth-century *causes célèbres*, whose library, particularly on murder, is admittedly the prettiest of his time.

WALL STREET brokers, brioche-lovers, and vacationists whose hegiras led them through the gracious grainlands of France, will please take note that the government *Journal Officiel* announces a record summer for wheat, 100,000,000 quintals having been harvested for a nation that eats 90,000,000 quintals even in lean years, and now will gladly gobble the extra 10,000,000 and have indigestion. The French will probably want to know why the price of bread continues to mount when, for once, American wheat can be left to its own bulls and bears.

News from the Atlantic is also encouraging. According to the scarlet-clad fisherman of La Rochelle, fish have been many and storms few. The special blue nets for sardines have come in sagging, thus assuring a full supply of *hors d'œuvres* for the approaching year. The steel-colored tunny, brought to port looking more like a depth-bomb than an article of diet, has been unusually fat and fine. Winter fish, tinned during the summer, should be cheap.

As for grapes, five of the greatest Midi districts look forward to an amply normal flow of juice at wine-treading time, and the Var expects one far above ordinary. Bibbers of Rhine and Moselle, as well as of Anjou and the little-travelled but potent Muscadet from the Loire, are promised a special treat. The champagne districts have been bruised by hail, and Touraine by

storms, but the latter's vines at any rate "have not suffered from cryptogamic maladies," which certainly takes a big load off our mind. Indeed, only one failure is credited to Bacchus: the Beaujolais crop has slipped from drought to disaster. Also of interest, in case you use it—the French linseed crop is terribly spindly.

The summer indices thus point to more than a sufficiency of the staples of French diet, and to logically low prices. Parisians may therefore confidently look forward to watching the scale of living continue to rise.

THE most sweeping blue laws ever made against modern street amusements have just been passed by Préfet Chiappe, so the famous fairs of Paris—Neuilly, Les Batignolles, Clichy—will soon be wiped out. By his new municipal bulletin all games of chance are formally forbidden; the sugar-bearing lottery wheel, the innocent ball-rolling for pieces of nougat, the tip-the-girls-out-of-bed-and-get-a-prize racket—all, all must go. One hundred and seventeen classifications of concessionaires are so censored by the new bull that they will perforce fold their tents.

Moreover, Chiappe has finally suppressed the occasional goatherds of Paris as "an obstruction to the traffic." Indignation among fanciers of goats' cheese runs high. Vital statistics prove that goats are the only creatures agile enough to spend all their time among Paris taxis and live; no goats' deaths from taxi accidents have been reported in the past year. As a result of having no goatherd or collie to guide them, one thousand human street accidents were fatal last year—among them too few were chauffeurs. Since his goats have been taken away from him, it is now our idea to station Baptiste, our favorite goatherd, with his pipes and cur-collie, on the Place de l'Opéra; where he can play his tunes between traffic signals and help pedestrians across. Man and dog, theirs has been the training of a lifetime; with their suppression, remaining alive in the streets of Paris will become a lost art.

—GENÊT

•

Mr. and Mrs. William Snyder of 430 Thurston Avenue wish to announce the birth of a six and one-half pound baby daughter on Wednesday noon. The youngster has been called North Prospect Street.—*Bowling Green (O.) Sentinel Tribune.*

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Plan your Fall shooting now. Brochure describes the activities of the S. S. B. and "Six Selected Hunts," shows details of Big Game expeditions we recommend.

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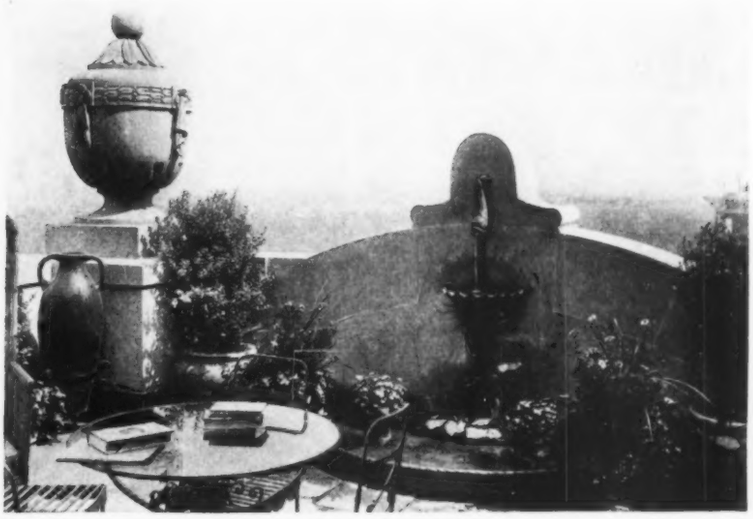

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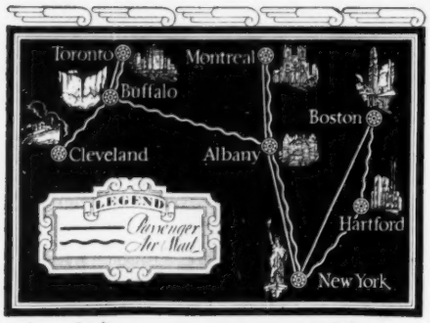

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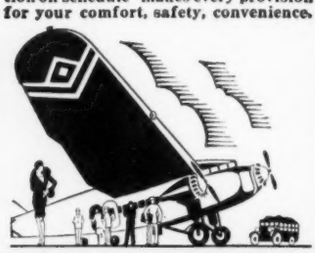

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THE HOUSEWIFE SAGA

IT'S all nonsense about art concealing art. Who really wants his art concealed? At this moment my sympathies are with the Lower East Side dentists who make, not a tooth for a tooth, but a tooth for the eye. What is a filling for, if it can't be well up front and made of gold? Otherwise a dentist's triumph is known only to his Maker and the sexton. The more people who are aware of your merits and activities, the more fun it is.

Being a Trappist monk would give me no pleasure. Imagine going into a great big monastic refectory, climbing a dais, sitting down to a bowl of gruel, and never being able to say, "Well, Fra, *come sta*? I've had a fine morning, myself. Bagged seven sins since breakfast." It would give me very little pleasure to work hard at being good and never mention it. That is why I uphold the housewife saga. I used to say that I despised her daily chronicle, but that was before I married Patrick.

I KNOW a man likes a fine dinner with no evidence of its having been brought together, and theoretically I admire a woman who can meet her husband at the door in the evening, looking like a dream, slip off a dainty apron, reveal a Chanel model, copied by her own hand (unmistakably, no doubt), play a little Scriabin while he is mixing her a cocktail, sit down to dinner and discuss with him mergers, the war in China, and the arts, while she pulls in from the kitchen automatic-service devices she has invented herself. Tea-wagons, no doubt, rolled in on electric toy-train tracks; dumbwaiters pulled up beside the festive board on old clothes-ropes straight from the fruit-cellar. She makes all her own preserves. She raises all her own flowers. She rears orchids under glass. Mason jars, probably. She learns French from phonograph records. She is a regular little Gandhi in the home; everything done on the place. She keeps her husband under every illusion. But as for me, I react somewhat more emotionally to the scene. When I serve dinner, and if it is good, and believe it or not, sometimes it is, I want Patrick to know every foot-pound of horsepower that goes into it. I want him to ache in every bone. I make sounds like a potato being peeled, like steak broiling. I can even make a sound like lettuce being washed for every mouthful of food he eats. If

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ever a board groaned, ours does. Poor darling, sometimes I do feel a little sorry for him. He will say: "This is really delicious pudding."

"Hell, it ought to be," I say, like a model wife in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "I practically broke my leg stoning the dates for it."

"You what!"

"You heard me," I say. "I almost broke my leg stoning the dates. I thought I'd look for a cherry-pitter. A furnished house with as many useless contraptions in it as this one is sure to have a cherry-pitter, hotel-size, on the top-shelf."

"But what has that got to do with stoning dates?" Patrick asks.

"Apparently nothing. I found the cherry-pitter, but it wouldn't work on the dates. I all but had to chin myself looking for it. And if I *had* fallen, I would have broken my leg, and you know it. I am nothing but a big welt of bruises from making this pudding, I say, and I hope you enjoy it."

"Nice little cheese crackers," Pat says, changing the subject to something which, he concludes, from the trademark stamped on it, was produced outside the home.

"They cost me a pretty walk to find. I was really looking for matzoths, but not a Jewish store in this neighborhood. It's an outrage!"

"How would you like to move to the Lower East Side?" Pat asks in a conciliatory tone.

IF Senators' wives were all like me we wouldn't have prohibition, because not one of their husbands would dream of entering his own home if he weren't drunk as a lord, it would be so disagreeable. Patrick Clinch is an angel or he wouldn't stand it for a minute. That is why I am getting Lily on Monday, so he will stay that way. In good time the best man on earth would turn into St. Simeon Stylites rather than eat with me the dinners I had cooked for him. But still, I don't know that I pity St. Simeon Stylites. Way up there with everybody watching him be good. If nobody had ever made a pilgrimage to look at him, I bet he would have shut up shop soon enough and gone home and married a wife he could brag to. By our deeds are we known.

—CLINCH CALKINS

•

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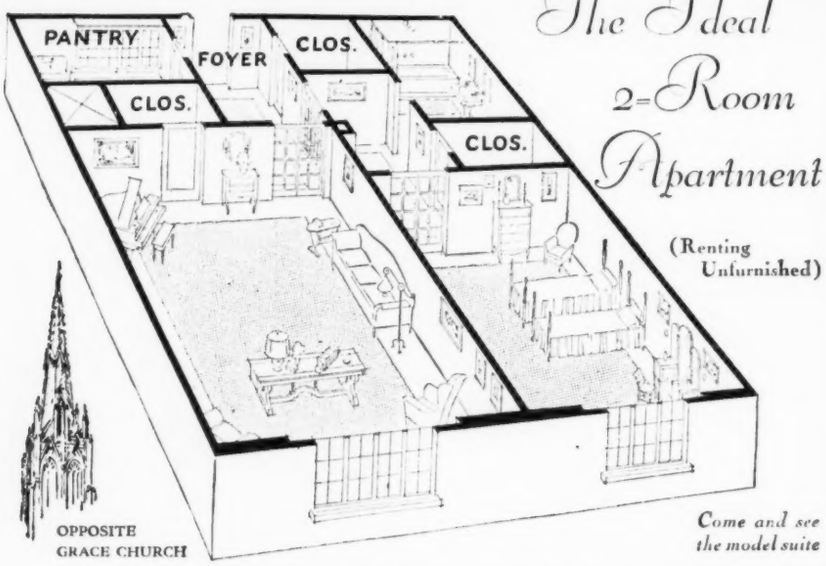

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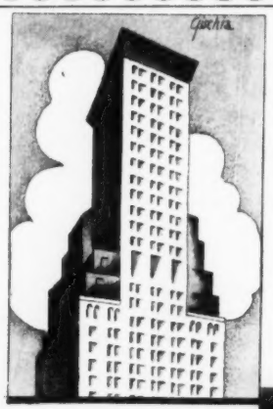

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Park Avenue at 59th

THE AL

A Kind Word for ervat age American—Stu am—

WE paid our most recent visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on a summer Sunday. Since the Metropolitan is about the only handmaiden to culture that is active during the dog days, we felt it should be inspected at a time when it was doing its noble best without competition. We mention the circumstances because we do not want you to think we are growing mellow with the years; but we must confess that we do not blame the Museum as much as we once did. We think some of the blame should rest upon the aborigines who inhabit this land.

THE immediate purpose of our visit was to see the recent acquisitions. As we always do, however, we also roamed through the rooms that house the primitives, and found here and there the latest whims and fancies of 1929. It was while standing in front of the booths devoted to the industrial arts—the modern-furniture show which has run on apace since early spring—that we felt a little kindly toward the Museum. Here, for once, it is harboring the most treacherous and astounding of the modern manifestations. Tired by straining so long at the gnats of modern painting, it has swallowed the camel without even realizing it. And for what a reward! Two of the species Average American were discussing the conservatory by Joseph Urban. Said she: "Oh, that's a room where you look at the stars." Her companion was quite indignant at this ignorance, but to her hurt query as to what the thing was for, he could only mutter, "Don't be dumb, a conservatory's a conservatory." It seemed as if they were not going to arrive at any common ground, but finally he brightened and said, "When you look at the stars it's an observatory." The purpose of a conservatory, however, remained unknown.

So we wonder if there is any use in chiding the Museum for its aloofness, or self-satisfaction, that allows it to go on year after year hoarding whatever is dumped into its treasury. It does print intelligent catalogues, which can

E ALLERIES

d for ...rvative—Very Aver-
...—Stu...am—The Harbingers

be purchased for fifty cents, that explain the exhibits, but we wonder why it does not go a step further and employ some intelligent guides. Or would the defensive mechanism of the average American keep him from learning anything in public? We have always thought the European system should be followed—visitors should be shunted around in groups with a charming Frenchman to point out the highlights of the paintings, the sculpture, or whatnot. Not too pompous or didactic, but a nice sympathetic soul who could meet all comers and never be daunted by any form of ignorance. Unless art is stepped down and made human to the mob, we are afraid it will always remain one of the obscure forms of culture, known and dear only to those who already are blessed with an understanding of it.

NOW for the new acquisitions: The Stuart just given to the Museum is a so-so portrait of James Monroe. It has historical value, but we do not think as much of a Stuart as a newspaper or a dealer does. The painting by Childe Hassam, "July 14, Rue Daunou," is very important in that its brass plate states that the picture was purchased out of the Hearn Fund. Someone seems to have remembered that fund just about the time everyone else thought it had gone to sleep permanently. Once revived, it may work to some good end. The painting itself is one of Hassam's early Monet studies, of the period when he was frankly French. Anyway, it is by a living American.

The newly opened rooms of contemporary prints form a rousing good exhibit. These are on the second floor, just in the rear of the industrial exhibition, and have been comprehensively arranged with some good examples of all the men who have ever done anything noteworthy in that line. Here and there you find some ringers, of course, but the show is not bound by any narrow definition and contains such widely divergent talents as McBey and Kuniyoshi. We had never hoped to see a Lautrec in the Museum, but he is here now with some of his lithographs. So, also, are Gauguin, Degas, Cézanne, and Pissaro. It is a richer show than any dealer could afford to assemble, and the many mediums rep-

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resented make it an excellent one to study.

And before we forget, one of the best of the new pictures is a fine Cranach; atonement, of course, for a good many mistakes.

THE season will start as soon as the outposts have reported people coming back to town. In a fortnight Kraushaar will start off the year with one of its fine shows of the modern French. Durand-Ruel will celebrate with a full show of Malherbe, a new Frenchman. In the meantime they have hung a group of the secondary painters of the school they favor: André, Loiseau, Moret, and Maufra. The work of André is brilliant at times, and always more than merely pleasing. Daniel is assembling a show of his group for the first week in October. Neumann, Weyhe, and Montross are all getting under way. —M. P.

•

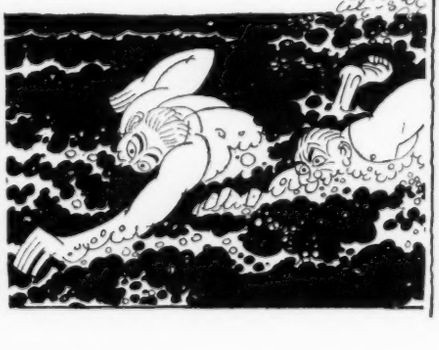
STAFF PICTURE

JUST a little informal meeting today, men. Just want to remind you about that bulletin I posted Tuesday about the staff picture. It's going to be tomorrow afternoon after work. We always do it.

Just go through the corridor and you'll see staff pictures of the Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, staff for the last thirty years. Quite a change in the pictures and styles and so forth and even the faces seem to change but there really isn't much change, if you see what I mean. I mean take Irv Rosenthal's picture in the I believe 1897 picture. Irv was just a little stripling out to learn the paint and varnish business then, that is the bookkeeping end of it.

To look at Irv then and look at him now you wouldn't think it was the same person by any means. He had a little mustache when that first picture was taken. And how we used to kid young Irv about it, eh, Irv? We used to call it a misplaced eyebrow, eh,

• • •



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AVENUE

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Irv? I'm not on that picture as I was laid up with pneumonia or maybe it was just bronchitis at the time. Anyway I know I was sick when that picture was taken. That explains why my picture is just a little one pasted on one corner of the big picture the way they always do when someone is absent when the main picture is taken.

SO anyway tomorrow I want everybody to look their best when they come to work. Not that we haven't got a pretty neat-looking bunch of men as it is, but take special pains tomorrow. I want you all to look the way Mr. Cleary does now. Real neat and clean. Of course we can't afford to pay a hundred and thirty dollars for a suit like I understand Mr. Cleary did last year, his father told me, but we can look our best. If the weather takes a warm turn you might bring an extra clean collar so that after work you can change.

I don't have to tell Mr. Cleary about that because I notice he always changes his collar before leaving the office. Going out for afternoon dates with girls, I guess, eh, Mr. Cleary? That strikes me funny when I remember the way your father used to walk around the office. Always had his sleeves rolled up and never wore a coat around the office. He always said if you have your coat on you may be working but you don't give the appearance of it, so he kept his coat off and we did likewise.

So I guess that'll be all. Slicken up tomorrow and tell your wives or your lady friends that you may be a little late for dinner. They'll excuse you when they see the pictures.—JOHN O'HARA

•

THE ZEPPELIN PASSENGER RETURNS

"AFTER the first few days, we weren't sick a minute, but I'd never go again in summer. You know the class of people you meet. Nothing but Americans every place we stopped. And there wasn't a soul on board for Frances. A lot of older people—most of them foreigners too. I think it would have been better if she'd stayed up there at the Rock Point House. . . .

"Some of the country we passed over was very pretty, but as I always

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ANYONE ASK FOR
A BETTER GOLF-BALL
THAN A DUNLOP?

THE IMPORTED "BLACK"
DUNLOP

meshed or dimpled
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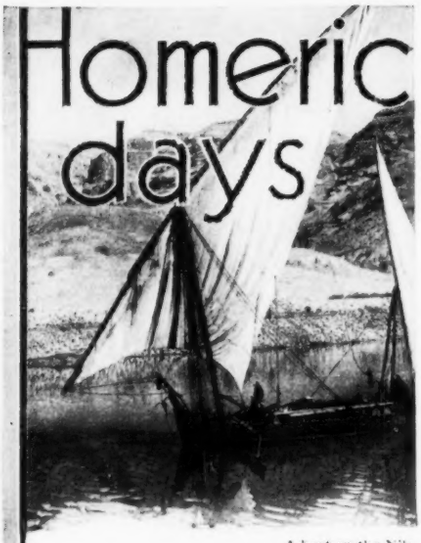
ONE DOLLAR

Homeric days



A boat on the Nile

Directly before you is the Sphinx—the Pyramids. Off in the distance is Cairo. Cairo—the magnificent, the mysterious. The thrilling, throbbing Orient. Cairo, the ancient—the unchanged civilization of a thousand years. Bournous-clad men. Veiled women. Carnival-like Bazaars. Hustle and bustle. Dark, narrow streets. Mosques, Minarets, Arabs, camels, donkeys, hawkers. A gasp, a laugh, a thrill every second. Faster than you can take it all in. That is Cairo. And Cairo is but one of the many dazzling Arabian Night's adventures on the

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say, you can't really get a real look at things unless you stay in a place for a while. On these tours, you know, you're in one place tonight and another the next night. We really didn't get a chance to see a thing. The next time I go, I'm just going to pick out some nice place in Germany or Siberia, and spend the whole summer there, except for little side-trips around. . . .

"We liked Tokio the best. We found the nicest little shop right near the hangar where they had the most beautiful mandarin coats you *ever* saw. I can't wait to show them to you—and for practically nothing. I simply couldn't resist them. . . .

"Isn't it funny, no matter how many clothes you have along, you never have the right thing. Frances had three evening dresses, her pink and the black and a lovely new blue one she bought just before we left, and honestly, she didn't get a single chance to wear one of them. People just didn't seem to dress at all on board, not even for dinner. . . .

"Guess who we met in Berlin. The Smallets. We had dinner with them one night. Well, you just should have seen the dress she wore. A perfect fright, if ever I saw one. She told me Genevieve was going around with that Lee boy. I don't know what she can see in him. . . .

"And another thing, the food was very poor. Why, I remember on the Paris we used to have fresh caviar for every meal and everything else you could *think* of. I thought the table was very poor this time; you know, an awful lot of sameness to it, and not especially well prepared. You know how heavy German food is. I said to Frances, just last night, when we were over Ohio, I think it was, I'd never travel on a *German* Zeppelin again. . . .

"It was sweet of you to come all the way down to see us land. Do come over tonight and let me tell you some more about the trip—and you simply must see those mandarin coats."

—ROBERT J. MISCH

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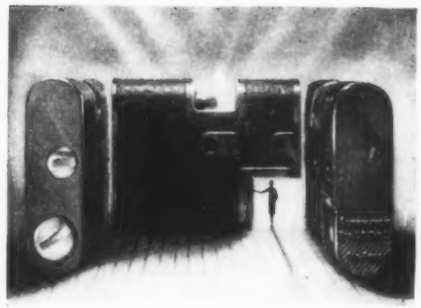
RECENT BOOKS

Home Life of a Prophetess

THE Malicious Animal Magnetism that chased Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy from boarding house to boarding house during her harassed life has risen up to plague her memory and put her name once more in the newspapers. Edwin Franden Dakin's biography, "Mrs. Eddy," is news because, daringly enough, it shows the founder of a religion as a victim of spells and tantrums, and, what is more blasphemous, as a woman with a gift for salesmanship and with an inspired, if erratic, business sense. The book, then, is either a great biography, brave, penetrating, and breathlessly exciting, or a gross and impious libel; it depends upon the light by which you read it.

Naturally, Mr. Dakin uses the psychoanalytical method in explaining Mrs. Eddy's "virginal mind." For the psychologist she is a rich and rare case. To prove that she was at the mercy of her hysterias and fears, that she was an unbalanced character, is easy enough. To find the quality of greatness in the quicksands of her elusive soul is harder. With "ifs" and "buts" and "howevers," Mr. Dakin admits a trace of genius, or at least a semblance of genius, but he cannot bring the unknown "X" in her character to any understandable solution. For a biographical subject Mrs. Eddy is as shifty a personality as Richard Wagner, although I may be smitten down for mentioning them in the same sentence. In dealing with coherent personalities, the biographer has plain sailing, but in tackling Janus-like souls, the very facts are treacherous and misleading. It is easy, then, to understand why Mr. Dakin gives one the impression in some chapters of trying to assemble evidence to convict Mrs. Eddy. It is this tendency in the biography that will rankle in the minds of the faithful.

THE facts of Mrs. Eddy's life, ranging from the grotesque to the miraculous, make dazzling reading. Mr. Dakin has done some magnificent snoopings into the more obscure phases of her career. He has delved, too, into the mysteries of the intellectual hubbubs in backwoods New England,



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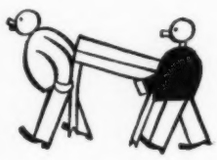
where every little village had an Emerson all its own. Mrs. Eddy's earlier coterie, before her church became a model of corporation organization, was made up of a gaudy group of romanticists. The stony fields of New England sprouted with prophets, and Mr. Dakin presents Mrs. Eddy not so much as an isolated phenomenon as the personification of the spirit of unrest and release then stalking the land. This placing of Mrs. Eddy in her proper background gives the book special interest and value.

THE new publishing firm of Farrar & Rinehart makes a noble entrance with "Singermann," by Myron Brinig. Oddly enough Mr. Brinig writes his own best criticism of his novel when he says, " 'Singermann' is not so much a novel about Jews as about human beings. I do not believe, as Ludwig Lewisohn does, that Jews are any different from Scandinavians or Irishmen, and I have attempted to deal with them in that way." The only remark that this reviewer can add to Mr. Brinig's statement is "Hurray!"

"Singermann" is the story of a family of immigrants which has migrated from the vineyards of Rumania to the mines of Montana. In the lives of the second generation Mr. Brinig has drawn a sharp picture of social upheaval without, somehow, making his story sound like a dramatization of one of the *Nation's* editorials. Aside from writing exceedingly well, Mr. Brinig writes like a man more intent on turning out a good novel than a sensational one, like an author who looks upon the novel as an art form, not a book racket. It is strange to find so much sanity, wisdom, and beauty in the second novel of a comparatively young writer.

"LIFE GOES ON" is written entirely in dialogue, without a word of description or even the introduction of a character. This sounds like tough and confusing going, but it is really surprisingly easy to read. W. G. Rogers sets down the stenographic record of the conversations in an American home during one gruesome evening. Like Ring Lardner's, Mr. Rogers' talk is funny on the surface, but underneath



Mike and Ike They Looked Alike!

•

"Mike" applied for life insurance, passed his medical examination with flying colors—and died of tuberculosis a few weeks later. McIntyre was retained. He discovered the late departed had a twin brother, "Ike", identical in appearance, except that the living twin was missing the index finger on his right hand. Investigation proved that the man who passed the medical examination had no index finger on his right hand. In short, the living man had posed as his dead brother. If there is anything which troubles your business or private life, McIntyre will investigate it—untangle it—swiftly—surely—without publicity. *Unimpeachable references.*

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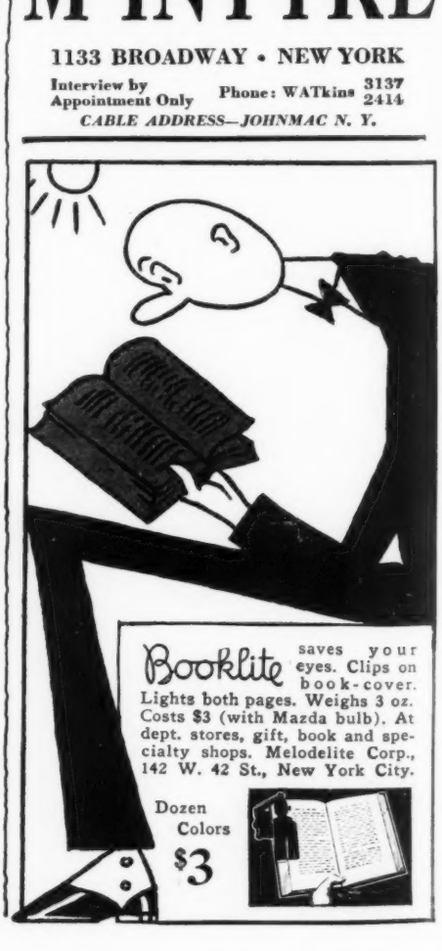
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Dozen Colors
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is bitter and mean. Also like Mr. Lardner, he lets his characters reveal their own shoddiness. He hasn't Mr. Lardner's gift for creating cosmic morons but he does, in rambling and inarticulate dialogue, manage to convey the drama of a lifetime.

I AM sorry, but "Red Cavalry" is entirely beyond me. For all I care Mr. I. Babel's book might have been left in the original Russian. It is a series of sketches of the Soviet invasion of Poland, but I didn't stay to see who won. This isn't the sort of war I have been brought up on and I am too old to learn. Soviet slang leaves me saddened and hurt; it is too much like a lot of cable addresses. For instance, "Presrevcom" is the pet name for the President of the Revolution Committee and it doesn't seem much of an improvement. Mr. Babel has been hailed by more patient critics as the Soviet's gift to literature, a judgment that leaves me absolutely baffled.

NOW for some little books for those who can't concentrate:

The collection of Percy Crosby's drawings in "Skippy and Other Humor" is an example of the apotheosis of the funny papers. Here are drawings that are worth keeping, as you would treasure old Christmas numbers of *Punch*. For those who hold such things sacred, the book has good color reproductions, fine paper, and is far superior in makeup to those comic volumes that are slammed together for quick sales and brief popularity.

If the humor of S. J. Perelman isn't poisonous to you, then you will like "Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge." First, however, be sure that you can stand a lot of Mr. Perelman's clowning. I laughed at it, but that's my weakness, and maybe others shouldn't be made to suffer for it. The book, incidentally, contains too few of Mr. Perelman's drawings.

"The Half Pint Flask," by DuBose Heyward, is a slim short story all tricked up to look like a little literary gem. It is a negro ghost story that promises to scare you to death and then doesn't. —A. W. S.

•

Helen Johnson was quite severely bitten by a dog. No ill effects are anticipated, although the wound is quite painful and some fears were at first entertained as to the condition of the dog. —*DeLamorr (N.D.) Correspondence.*

Over-strained?

OUR STREET

WHAT is your street like? Monotonous buildings, sidewalk, thoroughfare? Blistering in summer—a dark funnel for winter winds? Crowded, noisy, empty of sun. Or have you moved out of town to avoid just that?

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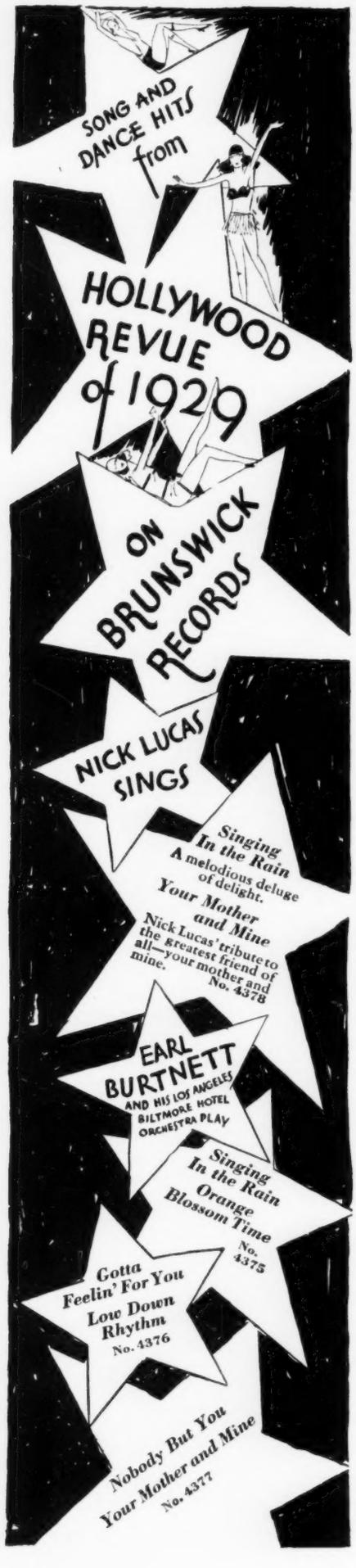
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SINGERMANN, by Myron Brinig (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The social adjustment of an immigrant family told with sanity and beauty.

LIFE GOES ON, by W. G. Rogers (*Liveright*). Stenographic record of the conversations in an American home during one gruesome evening. Funny, in a mean way.

THE HALF PINT FLASK, by DuBose Heyward (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Negro ghost story that wouldn't scare even the most timid.

RED CAVALRY, by I. Babel (*Knopf*). Soviet literature. For those who can make anything out of it.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON, by Martha Ostenso (*Dodd, Mead*). Needless and dull suffering in a small town.

THE HISTORY OF EGG PANDERVIL, by Gerald Bullett (*Knopf*). The life of a grocer made, believe it or not, surprisingly interesting.

BRIGHT INTERVALS, by Nancy Hoyt (*Knopf*). In which a true heart triumphs —with the assistance of a gay and witty author.

THE WORLD'S DELIGHT, by Fulton Oursler (*Harper*). Lively novel written around the career of Adah Isaacs Menken.

LOVE STORY, by Thelma Woodhill (*Simon & Schuster*). Showing the ruin wrought by a Juggernaut of a mother.

EX-WIFE, Anonymous (*Cape & Smith*). What you may expect when a woman tells all.

AMERICAN COLONY, by Charles Brackett (*Liveright*). Sin rampant on the Riviera, and a mean sneer at the expatriates.

HIDE IN THE DARK, by Frances Noyes Hart (*Doubleday, Doran*). An adorable, but none the less gruesome, murder.

HOMEPLACE, by Maristan Chapman (*Viking Press*). Prose ballad of life in the southern hills. Second novel by the author of "The Happy Mountain."

THE EATER OF DARKNESS, by Robert Coates (*Macaulay*). Mystery story in the Dada manner. If you dismiss it as a freak, you'll miss some rare comedy.

THE GALAXY, by Susan Ertz (*Appleton*). The manner and morals of three generations reflected in the life of a warmly human heroine.

THE FIDDLER, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (*Liveright*). Good melodrama ruined by soggy characters.

THE SUN CURE, by Alfred Noyes (*Cosmopolitan*). Whimsical, that's what it is.

THREE LOVES, by Max Brod (*Knopf*). Moral depression in Austria, and the love affair of two pathological cases.

POOR DEVIL, by Henry Justin Smith (*Covici, Friede*). The tragedy of an idealist in a big city.

Less recent:

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow. AN IMPERFECT LOVER, by Robert Gore Browne. THE UNLIT LAMP, by Radclyffe Hall. OVERSHADOWED, by Eugene Löhrke. HUNKY, by Thames Williamson. WAR, by Ludwig Renn. THE WAVE, by Evelyn Scott. PAYING GUESTS, by E. F. Benson. SEE HOW THEY RUN, by Helen Grace Carlisle.

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A BOOK OF OTHER WINES THAN FRENCH, by P. Morton Shand (*Knopf*). Why Americans go abroad.

NORAVIND, by Dudley Vail Talcott (*Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford, Conn.*). A young modern sculptor writes and illustrates a book about his adventures. For collectors.

THE GREAT MARY CELESTE HOAX, by Laurence J. Keating (*Houghton Mifflin*). Engrossing explanation of one of the greatest sea mysteries.

Less recent:

UNCLE SHAM, by Kanhaya Lal Gauba. AN ENGLISHMAN DEFENDS MOTHER INDIA, by Ernest Wood. LONG ISLAND'S STORY, by Jacqueline Overton. A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL, by Hilaire Belloc. POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by Madame E. de Gramont. THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER, by Alastair Mornay. EFFECTIVE CONJURING, by Will Blyth.

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Dr. E. E. Free, New York chemist	College professors rank in intelligence "just above morons."
Dr. C. R. Griffith, U. of Ill. physiologist	"Sound sleep" is not healthful at all.
Dr. J. F. Williams, Columbia hygienist	"Setting-up exercises are silly."
Dr. L. O. Howard, U. S. entomologist	"Man is inferior to the bug in mobility, fecundity, and ability to take care of himself."

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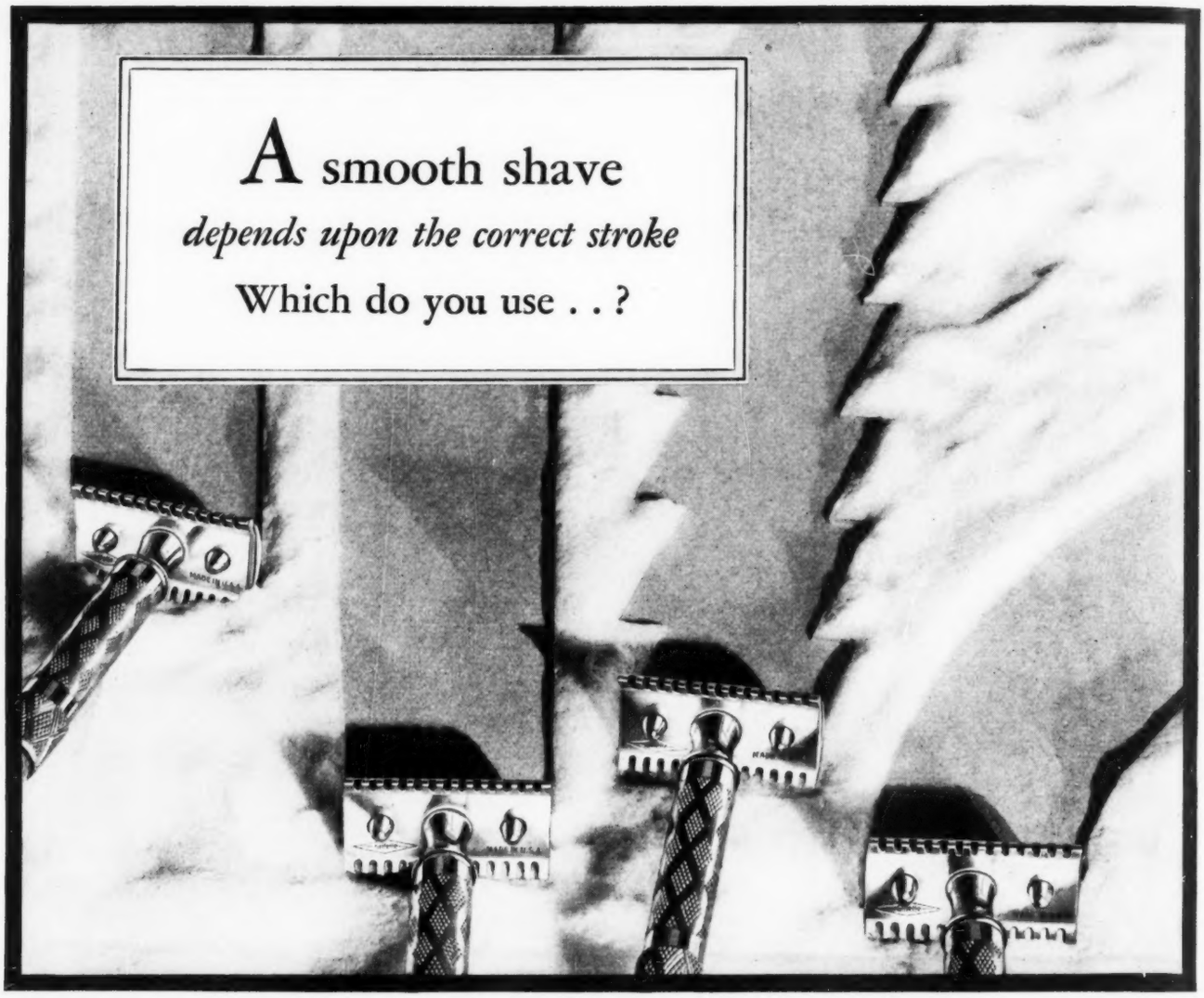

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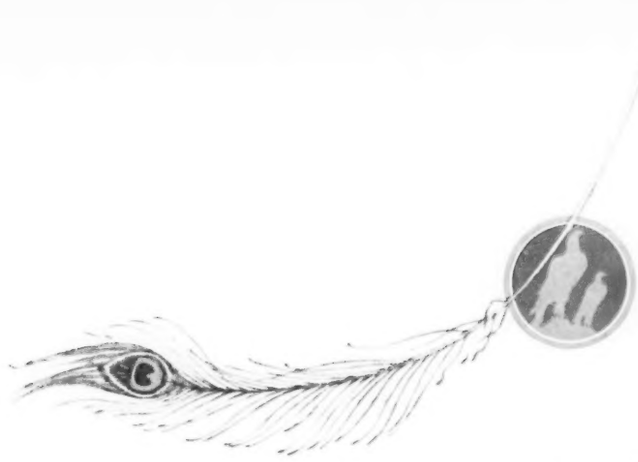

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